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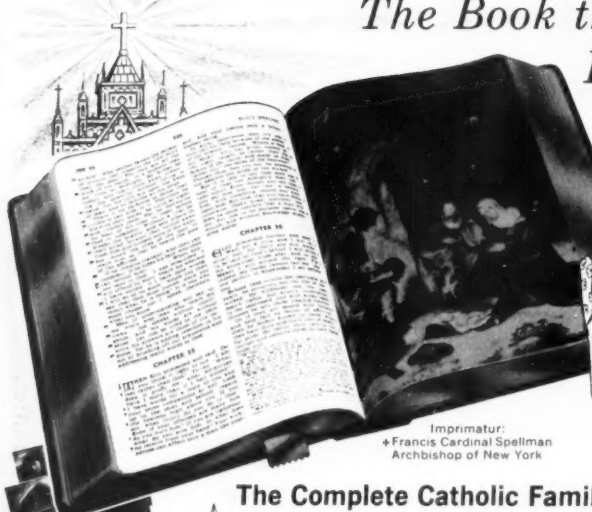
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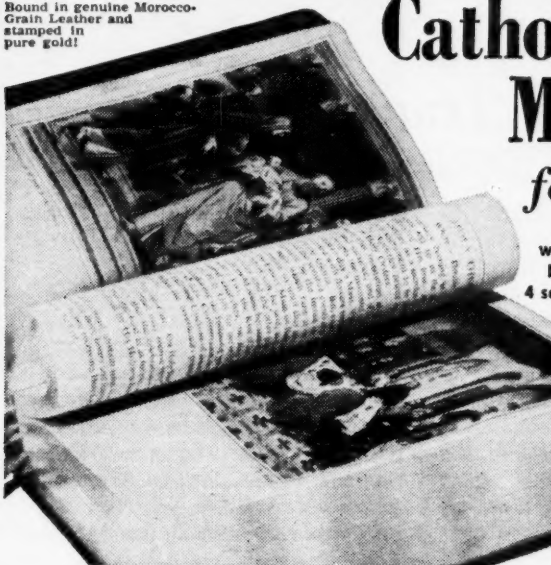
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By Kay Sullivan

'Campobello' Transfers to Screen

Broadway's hit play about FDR makes a warmly dramatic motion picture.

Actor Ralph Bellamy played the role of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in **Sunrise at Campobello** on Broadway and during road tours no fewer than 857 times. His 858th performance—for the motion-picture version of the award-winning play—might be acclaimed his best. In uncanny fashion, he captures not only the look, voice, and manner of the late President, but his inner personality as well.

The play—with both versions authored by Dore Schary—treats of a

34-month period in Roosevelt's life, beginning with the summer he was stricken with infantile paralysis. It ends with a gripping scene when the crippled FDR walks to a convention platform to nominate Al Smith.

Primarily the plot deals with family relationships, not politics. The movie version offers the added excitement of real-life locales. For the Warner Brothers Technicolor production, cast and crew traveled to New York, Hyde Park, and the nine-mile long island of

To portray the Roosevelts, Greer Garson and Ralph Bellamy studied old films.





Pup and raccoon make strange brothers.

Campobello up in Canada.

Greer Garson, expert at playing dedicated wives (Mrs. Miniver, Mrs. Parkington, and Madame Curie) adds another sensitive portrayal to the list, as the young Eleanor Roosevelt.

Others in the cast are Hume Cronyn as Louis Howe, friend and advisor of FDR; Jean Hagen as secretary Missy Le Hand; Ann Shoemaker, recreating her stage role of Sara Delano Roosevelt; and Alan Bunce as Al Smith.

Walt Disney continues to make outstanding films about animals. **The Dog Who Thought He Was a Raccoon** is a charming short feature about a puppy reared in the forest. **Jungle Cat**, latest of the Disney True Life Adventures, is a ticket right to the heart of the Amazon jungle. It took Disney photographers two years and miles of film to capture what is surely the most intimate and spectacular glimpse of that primeval, dangerous world. While depicting the daily life of the mighty jaguar, it affords incredibly beautiful views of foliage and bird life, some unforgettable animal battles.

THEATER

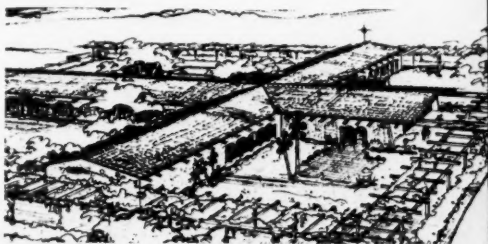
Airplanes flying over California's Monterey peninsula in the future will have an eye-catching new landmark—the terra-cotta tile roof of a low-lying, one-story building in the shape of a huge cross. A shrine to the patron saint of actors, St. Genesius, it has long been the dream of the National Genesians.

Pope John xxiii gave his Apostolic Blessing to the project and Monterey Bishop A. J. Willinger helped choose the beautiful site. A drive for \$300,000 to get construction under way is currently under the direction of Father Walter Plimmer, himself a former actor and the secretary-treasurer of the National Genesians.

Working with him are Pat O'Brien, National Genesian president; Maureen O'Hara, vice president; William Gaxton, head of the Lambs; Walter Kieran, Catholic Actors guild; and Harry Joe Brown of the Masquers, Hollywood.

The shrine is designed in Old Monterey mission style. It will have a beautiful chapel facing the Pacific ocean; an auditorium, with a stage; and guest rooms, arranged in motel style along an arcaded corridor, for visiting thespians.

St. Genesius, incidentally, was an actor in the court of Diocletian in 300 A.D., who was martyred when he became a Christian.





On TV science class, Sister Peter Eymard uses hamsters to teach nutrition.

TELEVISION

Educational TV came to Buffalo, N.Y., last year. Every Wednesday afternoon, Sister Barbara Anne led her 5th-grade class out of St. Mary Magdalene school on Buffalo's East side, and across busy Fillmore Ave. to a tailor shop. There before a TV set, at cutting tables cleared for work space, students followed a televised art class.

This year, students at St. Mary Magdalene and 139 other schools in the Diocese of Buffalo are receiving twice as many televised lessons as were broadcast last year over Buffalo's non-profit, community-owned and operated TV station, WNED-TV.

According to Msgr. Sylvester J. Holbel, diocesan superintendent of schools, TV teaching is eminently successful. His reports show that 99.2% of the diocesan schools have at least one set

in daily use. Some have as many as six sets (purchased with funds donated by parents' groups).

Every time a diocesan teacher steps in front of a TV camera, she is viewed by more than 5,000 students. Thus, the best teachers can make themselves available to a greater number of pupils.

WNED-TV's facilities serve not only the youngsters but the community as well. For example, the diocesan Family Life department presents a series of interviews on the air, discussing such topics as problems met in the first year of marriage.

Buffalo's experience is typical of the phenomenal growth of educational TV. In 1954, there were only four such stations in the U. S. In 1956, 19. In 1958, 30. By the end of this year, more than 50 will be in operation. Heart of the programing system is the National Educational Television and Radio cen-

ter, 10 Columbus Circle, New York City. The organization was set up by the Ford Foundation shortly after the FCC decision of 1954, which set aside 12% of the TV spectrum, 258 channels, for educational TV. Many groups indicated a willingness to establish stations but before the first (KUHJ in Houston) began broadcasting in May, 1953, it was apparent that the stations could not fill a complete broadcasting schedule themselves and that some regular source of programing had to be set up. The center now provides 48 stations eight hours a week of video tape and film programs in history, science, humanities, the arts, and public affairs as well as children's shows.

New applications for educational TV keep coming up. In Pittsburgh, students who fail certain high-school subjects can make them up through televised courses, and remain with their classes. In St. Louis, high-school seniors can take University of Missouri TV courses for credit, and get a head start in college. In Chicago, City Junior college enables students to receive all college credits through TV. Not long ago, a diploma was awarded to a mother of ten children, two born during her career as a TV co-ed. For the bed-ridden, educational TV is the ideal way of keeping up studies.

Says Monsignor Holbel: "Our grass-roots experiences have confirmed the value of educational TV. Pupils do learn that which is well presented on classroom TV. It is not a period of entertainment or relaxation. In fact, our survey confirmed what studies on a wider scale by the U. S. army and Penn State university have shown: pupils absorb more information from a TV class than from the same material given in a classroom situation."

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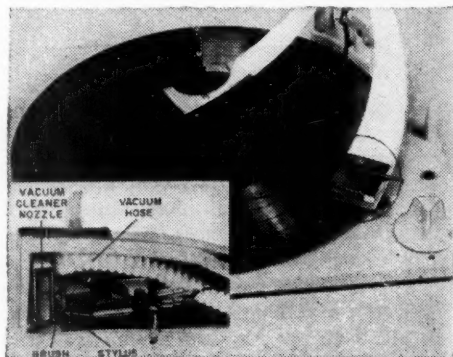
WHAT'S NEW AND BETTER

Most standard weight charts for men and women are set up for the small frame, the medium frame, and the large frame. How can you be sure of the category you fit? According to diet expert Ruth Pfahler of Decatur, Ill., the best way to determine bone structure is to take the measurement of your left wrist. If it measures 6 inches or under, you may consider yourself small-boned; $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$ indicates a medium bone structure; 7 inches or more means a large bone structure.

A painless way to learn history is provided by a national pencil company which has just released "Presidential Pencils," a set of pencils each bearing a portrait of and vital statistics about our 33 Presidents. The set is nationally distributed; it includes a comprehensive booklet on the Office of the Presidency, and sells for \$1.98.

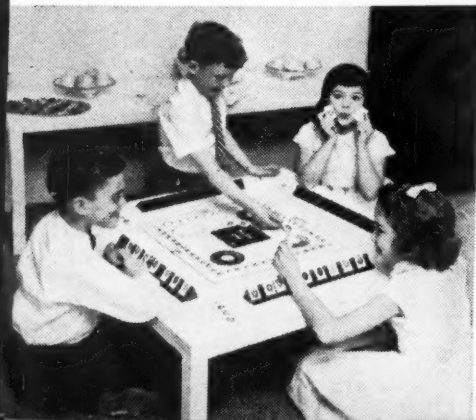
Charles Harrison, successful New York advertising man who invented a simplified version of bridge for his children, recently saw it marketed as Selright Bridge for Juniors. Aimed at teaching the fundamentals of bridge

to children aged 6 to 12, the game is so organized that adults and children may play it together with equal enjoyment. Cards are sized down to comfortable smallness; a colorful board and racks for cards facilitate playing. The board is actually two-sided: one for very young children; the reverse for older players. Available in toy and department shops nationally; price \$2.



Music lovers and record collectors will hail a new device developed by General Electric which actually vacuum-cleans records while they are playing. Vacu-Magic (above) consists of an acoustically sealed vacuum cleaner which picks up dust, brushes it through a tube into a container in the cabinet interior. Device promises to improve sound reproduction, extend record life-time.

Nylon net sounds as delicate as a party gown, but homemakers are finding it to be one of the sturdiest, most efficient household cleaning aids. The



Webb Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia claims its Dupont nylon net-covered cellulose sponges outscour and outlast other sponges, like steel wool but without the splinters. It uses pastel-colored nylon net, too, for a dual-purpose laundry storage and washer bag with a handy, snap-fastened side opening. Sponge and bag come in three sizes, are available at houseware and notion departments nationally.

You can act as your own importer; shop by direct mail for gifts from Ireland, such as Waterford glass, Irish linens and tweeds, Aran Islands tams and sweaters, Bainin (homespun) socks, and Tartan kilts. Shannon Free Airport, Ireland, will send you its colorful catalogue on Irish-made goods. U.S. duty is collected upon delivery, but even so, the prices are still as attractive as if you shopped on the spot.

The Wise Old Owl (below) is just one of a number of felt novelties described in a new kit and booklet set, provocatively titled "Make Money with Felt for Your Bazaar." Kit includes more than three dozen full-size patterns with complete instructions on how to make attractive home items, labels to embellish your handiwork, and an assortment of ready-cut felt trims. \$2 from Crafttime, 6048 Avondale Ave., Chicago 31, Ill.



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A Distant Trumpet

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

CRITICS HAVE been asking for years why U.S. Catholics haven't produced a top-rank novelist. Various answers have been given.

Paul Horgan's *A Distant Trumpet* relegates both questions and answers to the Limbo of useless debates. Horgan is a Catholic. *A Distant Trumpet* is a top-rank novel. It has all the qualities of an American classic: heroic in its outline, superbly true to American life, pulsating with controlled emotional power.

Most of the action takes place in the Arizona Territory of the 1880's. Lt. Matthew Hazard, after graduation from West Point, is sent to Fort Delivery, in the Arizona Territory. He brings his young bride Laura Greenleaf there, though she has been used to nothing but easy living.

Matt and Laura meet an interesting group of people: Colonel Prescott, the commandant, and his understanding wife Jessica, bumbling first lieutenant Teddy Mainwaring and giddy Kitty Mainwaring, Captain Cedric and Maud Gray. The human relationships, coupled with the ever-present dangers of the desert, provide the trials in which character, or the lack of it, is revealed

with stunning clarity and perception.

Maj. Gen. Alexander Upton Quait is sent from Washington to direct operations against Rainbow Son, who is raiding small settlements and wagon trains. Before the Apache wars are ended by Lieutenant Hazard's perilous parley with Rainbow Son, each of the characters in Horgan's story stands out in full relief against the developing atmosphere of tragedy.

The two important Catholic characters in the novel are Hiram Prescott and his unusual wife Jessica. Horgan does not develop their characters in a totally Catholic atmosphere, but in the mixed religious currents in which Catholics live.

Hiram had been a rather lonely boy in upstate New York. He volunteered in the Union army with Lincoln's first call for volunteers. When he is severely wounded in the chest, Captain Prescott is sent to a Washington hospital. His nurse, Jessica Dryden, is the socialite daughter of Justice Dryden of the U.S. Supreme Court. The Drydens are Catholics. By the time Prescott is able to walk about, he and Jessica are in love. Justice Dryden refuses Hiram's suit

for Jessica's hand, but Jessica and Hiram elope to Port Tobacco, where they are married.

Justice Dryden throws his daughter out of the family. She is forced to live in a cheap boarding house after Hiram has returned to active duty at the front. Jessica discovers that she is going to have a baby. But to give even the barest outline of the rest of the plot would spoil it for you.

A Distant Trumpet is no ordinary historical novel, in which a set of dummies move through a careful reconstruction of some past time. It has the very weave of life. It is also a landmark in American Catholic letters—a big lovely book that will compel your admiration.

This 629-page novel is published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, New York City, at \$5.75 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 100, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

WE PROUDLY ANNOUNCE...

The debut in this issue (page 130) of our **Catholic Digest Family Shopper**, a new shop-by-mail service designed to keep you informed of the newest and best products for family living.

From now on, watch for these special selections by an experienced shopper, our own Cathy Connolly.

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SHE'S only a few months old but slowly, painfully *starving to death!* She needs help. *Will you give it?*

Only 17¢ will send her needed *vitamins* for a whole month. Only \$2.00 will send her *baby food* enough for a whole month.

Mission dispensaries care for thousands of God's poor ones like this each year. Your contributions send the supplies they so desperately need. Only pennies will prevent *lifelong blindness in newborn infants!* Just \$1.00 can actually relieve leprosy... treat a victim of yaws or tuberculosis... counteract a contagious case of dysentery. Only \$10.00 can treat 375 malaria victims.

Remember... Christ Himself promised you that one day His Father will say: "*Whatsoever you have done unto one of these, My least brethren, you have done it unto Me.*" Are not these poor people truly among the least?

Please... send as much as you can as soon as you can to

Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S.J.,
CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD,
8 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

Dear Father: I am enclosing \$_____ as my contribution to help send medical supplies to the needy missions. Please pray for me and my special intention.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Check here for acknowledgement and free copy of Medical Mission News magazine. 510

By Jerome G. Kerwin

Condensed from

"Catholic Viewpoint on Church and State"*

The Hierarchy and the Election

*Serious fears call for serious
consideration and sincere explanation*

A RECENT POLL of some 700 Presbyterian ministers indicated that more than 50% of them would not vote for a Catholic for Presidential office. The ordinary Catholic may ascribe this to bigotry but there are many non-Catholics who genuinely believe a Catholic President could not serve the country according to its laws and traditions. Robert Michaelson, writing in the *Christian Century* (Feb. 3, 1960), says that the President has become a symbol of America. He represents a host of traditions and customs. These traditions the non-Catholic thinks of as Protestant.

The President, if he is not already a church member, is expected to join a Protestant church and to worship there with more or less regularity.

The non-Catholic is not happy with the vision of a President who would go to Mass and would attend to his obligations as a Catholic.

Today no intelligent Catholic, whether office-holder or not, is unaware of non-Catholic fear that the Catholic has a divided loyalty which will lead to some kind of political aggression.

The fear extends from intelligent Protestants of good will to the hysterical fanatic filled with hatred of everything that bears the name of Rome. Dislike of some things that Catholics hold in their belief might be expected. Most Catholics, however, practicing their faith and going about their daily tasks, fail to understand what all the fuss is about. The average Catholic simply knows that

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192 pp. \$3.50.

no one, bishop, priest, or fellow Catholic, has ever asked or required him to do anything now or for the future which would diminish his loyalty to his country.

The Church is often viewed by the non-Catholic as a perfectly functioning piece of machinery that can be set in motion by the press of a button at the simple command of a hierocrat. The American non-Catholic faced with the Catholic Church structure, headed by an absolute spiritual monarch residing in a foreign country, is left with an uncomfortable feeling that an alien leviathan controls the lives of millions of Americans. The two terms *authoritarian*, which the Church is, and *monarchy* create unpleasant images in his mind. While the American non-Catholic prays, "Thy kingdom come" and hopefully looks forward to the coming of a monarchy hereafter, he prefers democracy here and now.

He has an exaggerated faith in what the democratic political order can accomplish. A family run on democratic principle would produce incorrigible offspring. A university run by its students, even, heaven forbid, by its faculty, would disintegrate before it could educate. Democracy, an excellent political system for a people politically mature, does not fit all institutions.

Catholics have no more fondness than other Americans for tyranny, political or clerical. To the American Catholic there exists no such insidi-

ous force as the "hierarchy," as conceived by some non-Catholics. It is nothing short of amusing for the intelligent Catholic to read stories saying the hierarchy does this, or commands that, or is scheming to accomplish the other thing.

The hierarchy, that is, the bishops and the archbishops, meet about once a year and give the world a message for anyone to see. These men are neither all alike nor are they automatons with someone from afar manipulating them with strings. In fact, unanimity among them in social and political affairs is rare indeed. Some of them are noted for administrative efficiency, some for a lack of it, some are friendly, some are reserved, some are scholars, some make no pretense of scholarship; but of all it may be said that they have a keen sense of the moods, the feelings, and the needs of the flocks under their care.

No politicians operating in the democratic order could have a better knowledge of the minds of their constituents. Viewed from within, this power structure contains nothing in the way of a threat to our American system. When the hierarchy speaks, it speaks with a tone of reasoned authority, but no one within the Church trembles or cringes in fear. And it is an insult to intelligent Catholics for anyone to tell them they are dupes of a devious priestcraft or unwitting agents of a conspiracy.

The Catholic Church organiza-

tion is obviously composed of human beings. At one time in America the bishops were for the most part foreign born—mainly Irish. Today practically all of the bishops are American born. They do not come from homes of luxury. Their parents generally have had to make great sacrifices to support them. They were reared in an American environment; they enjoyed sports that all American boys enjoyed. They learned to admire and cherish the memories of great heroes of American history and the great traditions of this country. They are poor stuff out of which to form a great conspiracy for subverting American life and liberties. Yet these are the men of the American hierarchy, "the minions of Rome," who according to some poor misinformed souls conspire from morning to night to control our social and political life.

The Catholic lay people, moreover, are opposed in an extraordinary degree to political activities on the part of their clergy. They even detect a political opinion in a sermon when no such opinion is given or implied. If before our elections a bishop instructs his pastors to call the attention of their parishioners to the high obligation of voting, some Catholics will resent it as favoring that political party which needs a large vote to win.

That Catholics do not approve of certain practices approved by law or social custom in this country is no indictment of their loyalty, as a few

critics would have us believe. Against all charges to the contrary it should be remembered that it is and has been through the ages a firmly established teaching of the Church that one owes obedience to the duly established civil authorities. Indeed, some critics of the Church charge that this teaching is so absolute that it leaves little room for justifiable rebellion.

The Church has traditionally taken very seriously the statement of St. Paul that "the powers that be are ordained by God." Church authorities generally lean backward in their application of the teaching. During the days of the Irish rebellion Irish patriots felt that the bishops were partisans of the British because of their opposition to the use of violence. Pope Pius XI warned the Catholics of Mexico that despite the wrongs under which they suffered they should not resort to violence. And it is well within the memory of many people how severely the Church was criticized in this country for not issuing a curse on Hitler and setting the Catholics free to take up arms against him. It is believed that it is better to obey and serve an unjust regime than to take to the uncertain path of revolution. If this is true of a manifestly unjust regime, how much more true is it of a system such as exists in America toward which Catholics have no reason whatsoever to refuse allegiance.


That Catholics hold to certain beliefs that other Americans do not ac-

cept—not on questions of the fundamentals of a democratic regime, but on questions of general policy such as education, birth control, euthanasia, sterilization, abortion, or artificial insemination—should not bring their loyalty into question. The Catholic Church does not regard national boundaries as the limits within which fundamental beliefs are accepted or not accepted. Nor can it accept a majority vote as determining on questions of morals. The Catholic believes that some of these matters may so affect the common temporal good that a wrong decision made on them may have tragic results.

It is well that Catholics consider seriously the fears which non-Catho-

lics have, and move in whatever direction they can to eliminate these fears. At the same time there is no gain if each group tries to be sweet and polite simply for the sake of avoiding argument. Mature people can be frank without hurt. There will always remain some fears and many disagreements. The main problem is always to maintain mutual respect and to govern our relation in a spirit of charity and understanding.

All our fears, challenges, and disagreements will be dangerous to the peace of America if each group remains within its enclosures and holds itself in isolation, where alone hysteria and wild phobias can breed profusely.



In Our Parish

In our parish one Sunday a woman turned around in church and scolded two boys sitting behind her. They had been whispering for 15 minutes. Later in the week she spoke to the boys' mother about it.

"Oh, yes," the mother said. "The boys told me about it. They said they were sorry they had distracted you, but they were trying to decide if it would be polite to tell you that you were following the wrong Mass in your missal."

Elizabeth Conner.

In our parish in South Africa a little boy watched intently as his father and another gentleman began to take the parish collection. As his father marched down the center aisle, then came back along the side aisle, he became more and more excited.

Finally he stood up. "Daddy's winning!" he shouted. "Daddy's winning!"

Mrs. R. V. Hodgkiss.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20.00 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Pittsburgh: the Cinderella City

She proudly displays her new wardrobe to city planners from all parts of the world

PITTSBURGH, America's new Cinderella City, is decked out in a silk gown and ready for the ball after sitting in the ashes for much of her 200 years. She no longer wonders if the glass slipper really fits, but her transformation has been so swift that she still wears her new wardrobe self-consciously.

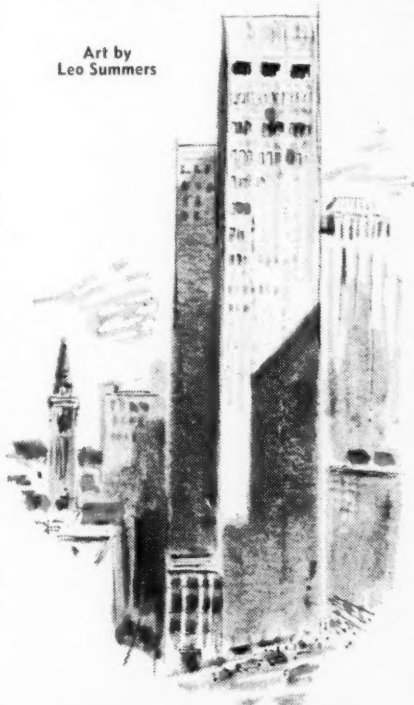
Long the object of jest as the "Smoky City," Pittsburgh now is the envy of municipalities throughout the world because of her clear skies, flood-proofed rivers, glistening skyscrapers, modern airport, new parkways, parks, bridges, tunnels, and revitalized industries.

Pittsburgh is an industrial giant, the home of U.S. Steel, Westinghouse, and Alcoa, and of the great Mellon banking interests. It is a major inland port, and a famed medical and educational center. Nevertheless, it remains in many ways an unsophisticated village of friendly people from many national backgrounds. In the main they are not much interested in affairs which do not directly affect them. They are ex-

tremely property conscious, proud of their homes and well-kept yards. That trait is due partly to their memory of the long, lean years of industry's exploitation of the working man.

Serious racial troubles are almost

Art by
Leo Summers



The Alcoa building is the first building ever to be sheathed in aluminum.

unknown, despite a large Negro population. Juvenile delinquency is considerably below the national average. The fact that Pittsburgh is a city of churchgoers is credited in good part for this showing.

It is a city where no one except the weatherman is rash enough to try to forecast the whims of the elements. A low of 12 degrees and a high of 65 in the same day is not uncommon. Residents shrug their shoulders and say, "It's the Alleghenies."

The city is on the western side of the Allegheny range, but a motorist would say it is part of the mountains. The heart of the downtown district is flat—but not for long. The city is wedged in a triangle bounded by the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers.

Leave the triangle in any direction and you are soon going uphill—or under a hill through one of the tunnels which burrow under the minor-league mountains within the city.

The Mt. Washington section gave up its coal to the hungry furnaces which made the city great. The 400-foot-high hill runs along the southern shore of the Monongahela; the face looking down on the city is sheer cliff. An ancient cable car carries Mt. Washington residents to their homes.

South Hills suburban dwellers drive through tunnels cut at the base of the cliff. Soon two new tunnels at the southern end of the new double-decker Fort Pitt bridge will give re-

lief from the rush-hour traffic which now chokes Pittsburgh.

Although Westerners are likely to feel at home in Pittsburgh soon after arrival, many Easterners may not admit they like the city until they have lived there for ten years or more. Eventually, most succumb to Pittsburgh's ebullience. To Pittsburghers there are no outsiders. In their view you are one of them the day you move in.

The city even was successful in winning over the late Frank Lloyd Wright, possibly its severest critic. The caustic architect once condemned every building in Pittsburgh except the Allegheny county court house and the county jail. He sug-

St. Paul's cathedral is one of America's outstanding examples of Gothic architecture.



gested that all the buildings be torn down and the land used for a park surrounding the jail. He described the city as more provincial than any municipality except New York and said that abandoning it "would be cheaper than rebuilding it."

It was typical of the city fathers to invite him later to Pittsburgh to advise them when the new Point park was in the planning stage. This was too much even for Wright. He made a blanket apology for his remarks: "I'm sorry I made them. It's a dynamic town. We're coming to a new era, and I'm glad to see Pittsburgh enter the reawakening."

The reawakening didn't come too soon. Even the most blindly loyal citizens admit that Pittsburgh was fading fast.

Today the new Pittsburgh is showing off its renaissance to city planners from all over the world.

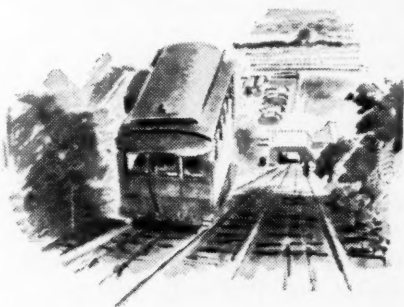
How the metamorphosis was accomplished is a billion-dollar story. The first money came, appropriately, from a descendant of the money-lending family which helped spread the city's fame. Richard K. Mellon, guardian of an \$8.5-billion family empire, was the man who threw the first shovelful of dirt into the gaping hole some 17 years ago. Wielding the shovel with him was Mayor David L. Lawrence, political leader for more than 30 years. Lawrence served four terms as mayor before being elected Governor of Pennsylvania in 1958. Together they made the city over, and with their cooperation the

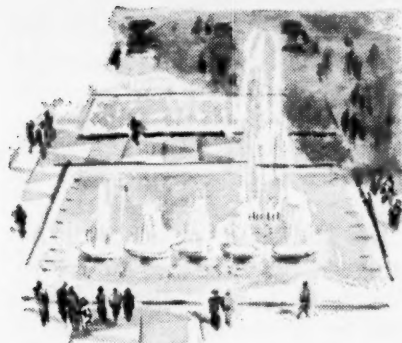
old Pittsburgh and the new came to terms. The days of industrial irresponsibility were ended.

Among the accomplishments was the Point park. The state purchased 36 acres at the forks of the Ohio river for \$4 million and demolished the dirty warehouses and slum dwellings which had made the historic spot a blight. The other 23 acres which made up the city's Golden Triangle (so called because it was the location of many banking firms) was cleared to make way for Gateway center, site of the new skyscrapers. The center, almost completed, shines with buildings of stainless steel and varicolored glass. The latest addition is the recently opened gold-toned Hilton hotel.

A modernistic park has been laid out in Mellon Square in the upper Triangle, on a block of land given to the city by Richard Mellon on the day he first proposed to Lawrence the revitalization of Pittsburgh. Around it soar new structures, among them

An ancient cable car still transports Mt. Washington residents in Pittsburgh.





Beneath Mellon Square is a parking garage with space for 1000 cars.

the gleaming aluminum Alcoa building.

Most ambitious project for the future is the Lower Hill cultural center, for which 105 acres of slum dwellings have been leveled. Keystone of the center will be a huge arena-auditorium with a retractable circular roof of stainless steel. A total of \$50 million will be poured into the projects at the center.

The battle to maintain clean air still goes on, but the outstanding success already achieved is a result of Lawrence's courage. The local condition was more or less accepted by Pittsburghers, who were born in the smoke and buried in it for 100 years. A smoke-control law on the state books since 1911 had no teeth, and no politician before Lawrence dared supply the necessary dentures.

When Mayor Lawrence told his advisers in 1947 that he was going to get a local anti-smoke law passed, they warned him that he wouldn't

succeed, but that if he did, it would mean his political death. But Lawrence won the fight over stubborn industry opposition. Before the sky cleared, smoke control cost industry \$200 million.

One side effect of the successful fight was that many of the buildings were cleaned, some for the first time in their history. When the coal-black Allegheny court house was scoured in 1958, citizens were amazed to find that it was constructed of pink stone.

Hand in hand with the renaissance of the city itself has been a great Catholic revival in a city which now numbers 45% of its population in that faith.

Bishop John F. Dearden, now Archbishop of Detroit, reorganized the Pittsburgh diocese. In the nine years of his tenure he did much to make up for a building lag that went back to the depression. He established many new parishes to take care of the rush to the suburbs.

Among his accomplishments was creation of St. Anthony's School for Exceptional Children, recently awarded a \$50,000 Kennedy Foundation grant. (The foundation seldom gives financial help to any organization outside the field of research.) An adult-education program was developed, engaging as instructors the cream of local college and university faculties and other experts—including the present bishop, John J. Wright.

Bishop Wright was formerly Bishop of Worcester, Mass. In residence

in Pittsburgh only a little more than a year, he already has made such an impact on city leaders, and on the clergy and people of all faiths, that he is recognized as one of Pittsburgh's most influential figures.

No Catholic prelate in the history of the city has touched the lives of so many people in so short a time. On the day of his initial reception, the Catholics of Pittsburgh began lining up at Duquesne university's Rockwell hall at 7 A.M. to meet him. The last well-wisher shook his hand at 9 P.M. He has ministered to the poorest of the poor and to prisoners in the state penitentiary. He finds time to teach theology to laymen and to speak wherever he is asked.

The most important labor chief in the city is David McDonald, president of the United Steel Workers, a man who never fails to get down on his knees before going to bed at night. He follows in the footsteps of the late Philip Murray, also a Catholic, who was in the forefront in the victory finally won by the steelworkers after more than 75 years of struggle for a decent wage and humane working conditions. Many priests backed the steelworkers in their fight, just as they did the coal miners throughout the history of their monumental battle for social justice.

The Church has done much for the needs of the Negroes in the Hill district through the selfless devotion of Sister M. Cyril, formerly dean of studies at Seton Hill college in

Greensburg, Pa. She has worked among poor Negroes for 18 years and has been responsible for conversion of some 1,400 of the Hill people through her House of Mary, situated in the heart of the Negro slum district.

De Paul institute was built 51 years ago for the education of poor deaf-mute children. It is now the largest private school of its type in the nation. It serves children of all faiths.

The diocese also has the oldest continuously published Catholic weekly newspaper in America in the *Pittsburgh Catholic*.

The recent rebirth of Pittsburgh has outshone, for present residents, the colorful early history of the district. But every schoolboy knows that the French came to the Point first and established historic Fort Duquesne, only to lose the strategic location to the British under General John Forbes in 1758. Forbes renamed it Fort Pitt, after the British prime minister, and called the town which grew up around the fort Pittsburgh.

For most Pittsburghers, that was the beginning of the city's history. But those who treasure the city's Catholic heritage recall that the first Mass was celebrated within the present limits of Pittsburgh nine years earlier by Father Joseph Bonnecamps, S.J., and that the first chapel erected in the city was the one at Fort Duquesne.

What will you do when you retire?

Unless you develop interests now it will be nothing

SOON WE SHALL have to find a new word for *retirement*. The new word will suggest a continuing participation in life on a person's own terms, rather than "a much-needed rest."

Perhaps it's presumptuous for us younger people to tell our senior citizens that the idea of retirement as rest is bad for them, that if they think wholly in terms of rest they will go to pot. No one knows how it feels to be 70 until he is 70. But many times this warning comes from the older men and women themselves. They are the ones who have told me that too often the supposedly green pastures of retirement turn out to be a hoax.

My observations are based on talks with a number of older people and my experience as the editor of the column for retired persons in our office magazine, the *Palace Voice*.

At our office, retirement is thought of as a "deferred reward." Whoever joins our firm voluntarily trades his chances of being independent for financial security. His reward, the opportunity to do as he pleases, will

come later: when he is 65 years old.

The trouble is, you can't retire as a member of the team. When you retire you are alone. For the first time in 40 years you are on your own. That can be a stunning experience. I think it accounts for the strange look on employees' faces when they have service buttons pinned on them. The moment is one of loneliness.



I received a letter from one retired person who had not seen any of his old associates for years. He knew no one with whom he had gone through business life. Nevertheless, he noted wistfully the "wonderful family spirit which exists, so well expressed in

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a letter I got at the time of my retirement: 'You may be sure that there is no possible way in which you can sever your connection with the company or with the friendships you have made in the organization.'

But there was a possible way; indeed, an inevitable way. No doubt the writer meant what he said, as we all hopefully do, but the fact remains that our former employee *had* become completely isolated and *had* severed all connections with us, except for his monthly pension check and his copy of the *Palace Voice*.

We are all, it seems, saving ourselves for the Senior Prom. But many of us forget that somewhere along the way we must learn to dance. The man who works for a big, benevolent corporation must make a special effort to exercise his enthusiasm for life. Otherwise he may fall into a state of spiritual flabbiness that will render him unfit to survive as a human being when the supposedly golden day of retirement comes.

The whole idea of deferred reward seems wrong to me. There is no reward, deferred or not, to be compared with the privilege of having your youth about you. Any sacrifice of youth so that you can finally become your own man at 65 seems fraudulent. Independence is too marvelous a gift to be wasted on the old.

Yet who is independent in his youth? Not many of us. Most young people have to work hard; they are tied to their jobs and their homes.

Perhaps I am objecting to old age itself, and absurdly blaming the corporation for not making available to us the fountain of youth.

One letter to the *Voice* (which, of course, I didn't print) said, "Most of us should have a shot of atomic energy when we retire so that we may be able to enjoy life a few more years than we generally do after retirement."

I have this clip, too, from a trade paper with all names changed. "Funeral services were being made late today for Eugene Conrad, 63, vice president of the X Corporation, who died at his home early Sunday. By coincidence, he had been honored 36 hours earlier by friends and associates at a testimonial luncheon marking his retirement."

Such news items are common enough to suggest that sudden relaxation after years of labor tends to upset the system. More often, however, the main hazard of this relaxation, if prolonged, is that it makes an older person grow stupid before his time.

One correspondent warned, "Unless you keep active you will find yourself slowly turning into a cabbage." Another reported, "Quite an active life and so interesting that it keeps me young and on my feet all the time, for which I am glad. We have regular meetings with the other retired people, and if I see some of them getting old on account of doing nothing, I have a feeling that I am better off even if most evenings I may

be a little more tired than others."

What do you bring to retirement? That, it seems, is what you will get out of it. Our letters indicate that the really important thing to take away from that last testimonial dinner is an enthusiasm for life. Like this: "My glads and roses are the talk of the town. Anyone who thinks that things are dull in these little country towns has another think coming. I have more to do now than I ever had—the only difference is that I am now able to do the things I want to do when I want to do them. The day I retired I threw away the alarm clock and tore up the calendar. I have organized Little Leaguers, and a volunteer ambulance crew; I am treasurer of the fire department. Retirement is fun and I'm enjoying every minute of it."

But this letter was an exception; it pictures a virtually ideal state of retirement. Few of our correspondents conveyed anything like this man's verve. For the most part, in the letters I receive, *puttering* and *taking it easy* recur with depressing frequency. One imagines the words accompanied by a diffident shrug. *Taking it easy* conveys everything and nothing. It tells of empty days, one like the other, and desultory hours slipping by; of the meaningless drive in the country, the ritual of listening to the weather report that makes no difference because one is going nowhere; of catching fish that one will not eat. And *puttering*—what is that? Webster says that is it a vari-

ant of *pottering*, which means "to busy oneself with trifles or futilely; trifle or dawdle (away)."

I have a sudden vision of senior citizens pottering from the shuffleboard courts of some steamship to a lonely New England den where an old man is fashioning a ship model. I see bent figures across the land stooping among sunflowers, radishes, tomato rows, and grapevines. I ask myself, "Is this all? Is this what I am saving my money for?"

But no, it is up to each man what he will be. The corporation has nothing to do with that. Our company will lead me by the hand until I am 65, and then I must stand on my own. I can, for instance, travel. I can buy a trailer and see the country; I can potter across the whole wide world. Yet I find this prospect sad too, not because I won't enjoy it, but because I can't enjoy it now.

I think of our earnest young men arriving in their car pools and returning at night to their growing families and their steeply mortgaged little houses, and then I picture from the letters before me rickety oldsters nodding along the Champs Elysées, or peering out of car windows at the Rhine castles. This vision makes me furious at the young people who have so trapped themselves; who have accepted the proposition that if they conduct themselves well, the deferred reward will be theirs—in the pottering twilight of life.

Joy long deferred is a diminished joy. Joy must be practiced. The ca-

capacity for excitement must be exercised, or when the time comes for you to summon it up it won't be there. The impact of new people, old architecture, and the living history of a strange land that so often rocks and moves and excites a young visitor simply cannot arouse an old traveler in the same way. Not, at least, unless he has kept himself open for adventure during all his young years. And how hard it is for the organization man to feel adventurous!

Some of our retired people write, often movingly, of the joys of gardening. They teach us that when we are old, even if the heart has no other place to go, we can devote ourselves to nature and celebrate its smaller cycles, and take heart from the budding and flowering of what we have planted. I think this is a sort of rebirth. Their letters suggest that to them, gardening represents at once a giving up of life and a rejoining of it in a new way.

We are advised also that to avoid vegetating in retirement we ought in our middle years to develop a hobby or two. Then, once the savor has gone out of our days we can turn to the old stamp album. We can braid leather belts. We can board an electric cart and swat around the golf course, or take up photography and snap pictures of our grandchildren in every possible pose of youth.

But a hobby is only as good as the imagination that directs it. Snapping photos of one's grandchildren may

*What might have been and
what has been
Point to one end, which is
always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we
did not take
Towards the door we never
opened
Into the rose-garden.*

From "Burnt Norton" in *Four Quartets* by T. S. Eliot.*

be a pleasing way to spend a weekend. But when there is no other work and the hobby stands alone, the endless snapshots begin to pall. The camera will soon lie idle if the hobbyist does not frame his pursuit within a sense of art, and of life passing—of history, perhaps. The point is that the hobby must *mean* something. Hence, what must develop in our youth and middle years is not merely a talent for distracting oneself, but a talent for living, and a concern with what goes on.

I wonder whether the life we lead today doesn't remove *concern* from our hearts. The way of life we have accepted asks only one thing of us: that we postpone our dreams for 40 years.

Is that asking too much? A mere 40 years—they will slip by like nothing at all. No dreams, no worries: a fair exchange. "Done!" we say, and from that time forward the 25-year-

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old boy with the crew cut prepares to become an old man. The life insurance, the savings, the electric appliances on the installment plan, the voluntary subjection of temperament, are all preparations for the brief twilight of a gracious old age.

But for the young man with a crew cut, even with all these things going for him, there is no guarantee that his old age will be a golden time. For one it can be golden; for another, lonely and miserable and sick, quite apart from the amount of money invested in it. True, it is far better for a retired person to be comfortably fixed than living off his social security and a few pinched dollars. But what guarantee can there be that he

will, physically, remain in condition to enjoy the savings he has accumulated through the years of self-denial? Age may turn out to be liver trouble, or creaky legs.

You can't buy 40 again. You can't even buy 50 or 55. Finally, you can't buy memories of the trip you didn't take, the adventure you declined, the struggle you by-passed, the excitement you had no eyes to see. These memories are the coins of the spirit. They can make a 70-year-old man so rich that he can truly say that life has just begun for him. Without such memories he will be desperately poor in spirit. And that form of poverty is not covered by any insurance policy.



BY THEIR WITS

Damon Runyon liked to tell how he got his first newspaper job. It happened in Denver. He sat in an outer office patiently waiting while an office boy carried in his request for an interview to a busy editor.

The boy came back in about ten minutes and said, "He wants you to send in your card."

Runyon had no personal card, but he reached into his pocket and pulled out a deck of playing cards. He extracted an ace and said, "Give him this."

He got in and got the job.

Mrs. S. Lee.



An aspiring young writer asked humorist Ring Lardner how he went about writing his enormously successful short stories.

"You make it seem so easy," said the novice. "Do you follow some kind of formula?"

"Yes, I do," replied Lardner. "I take a few sheets of paper and write down a number of widely separated words. The rest is simple. I just go back and fill in the spaces."

S. L. Marshall.

He has to learn Latin

*But the older aspirant to the priesthood now
finds persons and institutions eager to smooth his path*

WHAT IN THE NAME of heaven are those men doing in this Latin class?" Prof. Patrick F. Flood mused to himself, as he began to set up his course in the Knights of Columbus evening high school in New York City.

The appearance of mature men in his class, which usually attracted only youths who needed the work for college entrance or for credit to finish an academic course, was indeed strange. Professor Flood approached the group and asked a few questions.

"I hope to become a priest," explained one man. "I wanted to study for the priesthood when I was young, but I couldn't make it because my family needed the money I was making."

"So did I," said another, "but my father became ill and needed my help just before I was to enter the seminary."

Each man's story was that of a frustrated vocation that now would not be denied. Only a lack of Latin stood between the men and seminary life.

Pat Flood knew an opportunity



when he saw one. "Why don't you band together to encourage each other?" he urged. He promptly began pumping Latin into the men as he had never pumped before. Thus began the St. Joseph Clerical club, and a long, fruitful career of service to delayed vocations for Professor Flood. The club got under way in 1924. Today, more than 300 priests are grateful witnesses to the encouragement and practical preparation given by the vibrant professor.

The St. Joseph Clerical club lasted only as long as Professor Flood was at the K. of C. School. Its members went on to the priesthood; its founder transferred his services to the public-school system. However,

in 1932, the same type of situation presented itself again to Professor Flood while he was teaching at Washington Irving evening high school. This time the group called itself the St. Patrick Clerical Students club.

Pat made sure that the roots would sink deep enough to keep the organization alive. At his request Father John Corbett, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier church became spiritual director. He set up meetings in the rectory every other Sunday afternoon.

The men, all over 25 years of age and some in their 40's, bent to a program of intensive study of Latin under Professor Flood. Meetings included the Office of the Blessed Virgin, instructions from their spiritual director, informal discussions of religious topics, and Benediction.

Members came from all walks of life. A judge, a doctor, a college president, a well-known orchestra leader, a policeman who had directed traffic at one of New York's busiest corners for many years, a mail carrier, a jeweler from the Maiden Lane jewelry district, a Wall St. broker, a mayor, actors, plumbers, travel agents, and many former servicemen came 40 strong to each meeting.

In its first seven years, more than 200 members of the St. Patrick Clerical club went on to study for the priesthood. One, 67 years old at ordination, is now in parish work in Rochester, N.Y. Another is the director of a foreign mission society.

Some have become monsignors, others superiors in Religious Orders. Several have achieved distinction in Catholic literature.

James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, who had started his own studies for the priesthood at the age of 31, gave warm support to the St. Patrick club while he was an auxiliary bishop in New York. It was made a sodality, continuing its work under the name of St. Patrick's Club and Sodality for Deferred Vocations. Since the death of Father Corbett in 1942, several spiritual directors have guided its fortunes.

Professor Flood, now course counsellor at Seton Hall university, offers a summer credit course in Latin for men with delayed vocations. In February, 1959, under the patronage of Bishop James A. McNulty of the Paterson, N.J., diocese, he established the St. John the Baptist Late Vocations society, with headquarters at the chancery office in Paterson, N.J. In one year, 13 men have gone on from this group to seminary studies.

Pat Flood keeps sending out literature on delayed vocations. His interest has served a growing demand. With the return of 2nd World War combatants came many vocations to the priesthood, and greater need than ever for special pre-seminary training. The battle-hardened veteran, prepared though he was to take the discipline of seminary programs in stride, had quite a jump to make

from war fronts to philosophy courses conducted in Latin.

At Georgetown university, veterans who had discovered belated vocations joined together to establish the *Introibo* club, with Father Timothy Reardon, S.J., as their spiritual director. Their bulletin, the *Introibo*, at one time had a circulation of 1,000.

In 1946 the School of Saint Philip Neri for Delayed Vocations opened at 126 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., under Jesuit sponsorship. The school offers a one-year course in Latin that covers the work of four regular years in the subject. From September to June students take two periods of Latin a day, plus studies in English, Greek, French, and religion. At the end of the course, most are ready to plunge into philosophy and theology.

More than 500 former St. Philip Neri students are now continuing their studies in 65 diocesan and 30 Order seminaries. This year saw a 50% increase in enrollment. In 13 years of operation, 184 alumni of St. Philip Neri have been ordained, and 45 more are scheduled to be ordained this year.

The first alumnus, ordained in 1952, has been personally responsible for 120 converts. Another is the vice chancellor of the Spokane diocese, another superintendent of all the Catholic high schools in the Santa Fe diocese. The former Buddy James, vocalist and saxophone player for Tony Pastor's orchestra, is a grad-

uate. Now Father James Perrone, S.M.A., he is a missionary in Africa.

Bruce A. Roberts, son of an Episcopal bishop in Philadelphia, entered as a sophomore from Yale. He went on to the Trappist monastery at Spencer, Mass., where he was ordained by Cardinal Cushing in June, 1959. His father attended the ordination.

Another program, originally intended to provide for the Latin deficiency of ex-GI's applying for admission to the Jesuits, was established at John Carroll university in Cleveland, Ohio. It was soon made available to all candidates for the priesthood.

Spark of the work at John Carroll is Father Charles Castellano, S.J., a dynamic professor who keeps his students amused (and awake) by unexpected antics. For many years a novice master, Father Castellano is an understanding counselor in the spiritual difficulties that beset the men.

While most of the students at John Carroll are in their 20's, some are well over 30. William Howard Taft, 51-year-old ex-Broadway actor, was one of the 67 students who took the course last summer. Bill found his vast fund of theater anecdotes somewhat smothered in Latin, but regaled the other students at dinner with tales of famous theater folk. He is now studying for the priesthood in the Society of St. Paul in Canfield, Ohio.

Another school established to give

accelerated courses in Latin for aspirants to the priesthood is the Benet Latin school, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers of Glastonbury monastery in Hingham, Mass. A regular session running from September to June and a six-week summer course are offered. Students join the monks in singing at daily high Mass and chanting the Divine Office.

Most recent of all schools exclusively for belated vocations is Holy Apostles seminary at Cromwell, Conn., under the supervision of Father Eusebe M. Menard, O.F.M. Father Menard, before coming to the U.S., had founded three similar seminaries in and near Montreal, Canada. (He is also founder of the Holy Apostles Order.)

The seminary first opened its doors to six students in September, 1957. This year 70 students were accepted, while many more had to be turned away because of lack of facilities. On Sept. 22, 1959, a \$200,000 fire gutted one of the main buildings, and students and staff suffered many hardships during the winter.

By next September, Holy Apostles hopes to accept at least 120 students. The seminary offers a five-year course leading to a B.A. degree, beginning with pre-college Latin and carrying through four years of college, including two of philosophy. Candidates then enter a novitiate or seminary.

As in most delayed-vocation programs, the student backgrounds at

Holy Apostles are quite varied. Educational levels of the present students range from high-school graduation to the master's degree, and the age levels from 17 to 67 years. The 67-year-old student has been accepted by the Bishop of Alaska and is scheduled to be ordained in two years (thanks to his previous education).

Our long-established American seminaries have always made efforts to integrate the training of belated vocations into their regular schedules. At present, about 10% of seminary enrollments are in the delayed-vocation category.

St. Mary's college, under the direction of the Resurrectionist Fathers in Saint Mary, Ky., has given special Latin courses along with the regular college subjects since 1911. Students start from scratch in the 13-period-per-week Latin course and are advanced as rapidly as their talents warrant.

Philadelphia's St. Charles Borromeo seminary, in its century and a half of existence, has always provided special schedules for candidates with unusual needs. Special Latin courses are also given at Cleveland's diocesan Borromeo seminary at Wickliffe, Ohio; at St. Gregory in Cincinnati; St. Charles in Baltimore; and West Baden college, West Baden Springs, Ind.

Bishop Vincent S. Waters of the Raleigh, N.C., diocese has adopted a modern approach to the Latin problems of his seminarians, both young

and old. The bishop was impressed by the theories of Father William G. Most, professor at Loras college, Dubuque, Iowa, who wrote the text *Latin by the Natural Method*. He decided to put them to work in his diocese. For eight weeks last summer, several groups of seminarians were given a course taught by Father Most himself via tape recordings. The students worked in individual booths equipped with earphones and microphones, and an instructor augmented Father Most's recordings.

The course began with the words "*Maria habuit parvum agnum*" (Mary had a little lamb), and con-

tinued through accounts in Latin of the wanderings of the Israelites and Romans, the voyage of Columbus, Latin jokes. It wound up with the ecclesiastical Latin used in seminary lectures. The students learned the language as they had learned their English, by conversational repetition.

America has no Beda college, as Rome has, to instruct older men with vocations all the way through to ordination, but doors are opening in America to such men whenever they knock. They will always be sure of finding a Latin-speaking guide to welcome them in.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

When our gang had a contest to see who could grow the biggest watermelon, one of the participants was Hotch. His father was president of a bank and of several corporations, but that didn't pull any weight with us.

Living in an apartment in town, Hotch didn't have much space for agriculture. I lived on a farm. I asked Hotch to come out, and he found a spot to plant his seeds near the chicken house. (A bad spot, I thought.)

Two days later, Hotch went on a trip with his parents. That seemed to put him out of the running. The rest of us fussed over our plants—practically killing them with care.

When Hotch returned he bicycled over to admire my tiny melons. Then we looked at his. Hotch's vines, untended for months, had somehow produced one enormous green beauty. When the \$5 prize was awarded by a committee of parents, his melon was an easy winner.

The idea that a rich boy should get the prize after doing nothing irritated the rest of us. We decided to "even the score" by voting Hotch out of the gang. But just as we were about to do that, we were chagrined to receive an invitation from him. He asked all 12 of us to spend two weeks at his parents' place in the mountains.

It had never occurred to us that Hotch might be much more upset about the prize than we were. It was he who evened the score—with kindness.

Roger Wells.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

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Dream Parish in Detroit

Father Kern's church is a relic of the more personal past, preserved by poverty

I'VE GOT A DREAM PARISH," says Father Clement H. Kern. "I'm so lucky. Almost every seminarian hopes to get a church like this, but there aren't very many of them left."

Father Kern's dream parish, the Most Holy Trinity church, is located in a ramshackle Detroit, Mich., slum, where sagging frame houses, tarpaper shacks, and old brick duplexes are slowly giving way to warehouses and trucking garages. This is Corktown, once as Irish as its name. The big white church, which has been in its present location since 1855, still sports a trim of faded Kelly green. But the Irish have moved on and up in the world. Corktown is now made up primarily of Mexicans, Negroes fresh from the South, Puerto Ricans, and Maltese.

In the world of fund-raising organizations and church administrators, the conception of the parish church as the beating heart of a community is growing steadily rarer. But Holy Trinity is a relic of the more personal past, preserved by poverty.

"We're an island in the affluent



society," says Father Kern. "Most people just don't believe that there are poor any more. But there are plenty of them. We painted the church and parish house bright white for a reason. The incoming people hear that there's a 'big white place' where they can get help. There is no organization these days like a parish. It's the human way of doing things. These people are afraid of the big agencies. They won't go to the clinics. But they will come to the church for medical help."

Holy Trinity is a parish of 5,000

*Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City 20. May 16, 1960. © 1960 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

souls, but actually ministers to thousands more, at least half of whom are non-Catholic. For almost all of them, the old church is the kind of hearth and headquarters it once was for the immigrant Irish. Pastors in the suburbs may have trouble reaching their parishioners; Father Kern and his assistant priests do not. All through his 17-hour day, parishioners surround him. The remark he hears most often is "*Tengo una molestia*" (I've got trouble).

Unmarried mothers, sneak thieves, streetwalkers, and undernourished children are all part of the day's trouble at Trinity. Alcoholics are everywhere—even on the church staff.

Every Thursday night, as many as 150 alcoholics-on-the-mend line up for their shots of vitamin B₁₂. The nerve-soothing vitamins are paid for partly by the Corktown Guild (its members are mostly bartenders) and partly by the Corktown Co-op, made up of men trying to rehabilitate themselves, who scavenge scrap to raise the money for their injections.

The Corktown Guild and the Co-op are not the only instances of Holy Trinity help and self-help. There is a foot clinic run by Chiroprapist Earl G. Kaplan in his spare time; a dental clinic operated by volunteers from the Detroit Society of Dental Hygienists; a legal clinic manned by top lawyers. There is a Filipino club, a Puerto Rican club; a Chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous (membership: 1,000); a St. Vincent de Paul

society; a credit union that started with \$80 in 1947 and now has assets of \$147,000. There is even a two-nights-a-week "Corktown College" (tuition: \$1.33 a month), which offers such courses as English, citizenship, Spanish, and folk dancing. The slogan of the college is "Never too old to learn."

From time to time it has been suggested that a dozen or so of the parish's 25 assorted activities be brought under the jurisdiction of Detroit's prosperous United Foundation, but Father Kern is dead set against that proposal.

"It would take away our charm," he explains with a smile. "We've got some pride, too. People help us down here because they want to. We don't recruit. The benefits of giving are somehow lost when it's mechanically deducted."

Holy Trinity operates at a loss of about \$300 a week, but much of this deficit is covered by the "Ecclesiastical Shakedown society," a group founded in 1957 by Earl (Hank) Shurmur, a Detroit TV cameraman. Hard drinking occasionally led Hank to bed down at Holy Trinity. After Father Kern "straightened him out," Shurmur began putting the bite on high-salaried executives all over the city for contributions.

The society shook down \$4,200 the first year, has already topped \$3,000 so far in 1960. Members send materials and food as well as money. One member contributed 900 cases of slightly damaged canned goods.

Another collected enough money to buy Father Kern a new car. (The pastor sent it back, kept his 1955 Ford.)

Father Kern, 52, is the son of a Pontiac assembly-line worker, a graduate of Sacred Heart seminary, and a former chaplain in the Catholic Worker movement. He came to Holy Trinity in 1943, was made pastor in 1949. Since he took over, reports Juvenile Court Judge Nathan Kaufman, the area around Holy

Trinity church has had a lower juvenile delinquency rate than any other comparable slum neighborhood in the U. S.

"We have many sins of weakness here," says Father Kern. "But I'll bet the Lord will be easier on these people than on folks who say, 'Send them back where they came from.' My biggest problem is to get people to help and love each other. That's what the mystical Body of Christ is all about."



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

English has borrowed words from all the chief languages of the world. Since the Dutch have always been a seafaring people, it is not surprising that we have taken such terms as *yacht*, *schooner*, *deck*, and *cruise* from their language. A dozen more Dutch loan words—some nautical, others not—are listed below in Column A. Recognize them? Can you match them with their meanings in Column B?

Column A

1. yawl
2. buoy
3. bowline
4. tattoo
5. etching
6. maulstick
7. aardvark
8. boor
9. spoor
10. sluit
11. skipper
12. isinglass

Column B

- a) A nautical knot.
- b) A rod used by artists as a rest for steadying the hand.
- c) A gorge made by heavy rains in sun-baked soil.
- d) A peasant; a rude or clownish person.
- e) Summoning drum or bugle call to soldiers; any continuous drumming.
- f) A small sailboat.
- g) The art of producing drawings on metal or glass with acid; print made by this process.
- h) The captain of a vessel, especially a small ship.
- i) Large burrowing African mammal that feeds on ants.
- j) The trail of a wild animal.
- k) Semi-transparent gelatin prepared from certain fish, used to make jellies and glue; mica.
- l) A floating object anchored in a body of water.

(Answers on page 85)

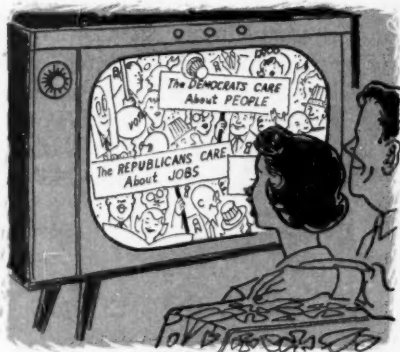
Your Vote: Head, Heart, or Pocketbook

Your political opinions—or lack of them—have deep psychological roots

WITH THE NATIONAL elections just around the corner, psychologists and sociologists have been just as busy as politicians. While the men in "smoke-filled rooms" have been thinking up ways to make friends and influence voters, the experts on human nature have been putting the personalities of American voters under the microscope. They have discovered, among other things, that the way you vote is likely to be influenced by things you'd never suspect: a row with your boss, trouble with your in-laws, or losing your shirt at the race track.

Is it true that most people don't choose their political party, but simply vote the same way their fathers and forefathers did?

Yes. Wide-scale studies of a representative cross-section of American voters conducted by the University of Michigan's Survey Research center show that "most party adherents hold to the same party as their parents" and that "most people have never thought of themselves as belonging to a party other than their present one."



Do most people look askance at a person who belongs to the "wrong" political party?

Very definitely so. The same study showed that party attachment is a very strong psychological force. "Most people associate with friends whom they see as supporting the same party as they do." (So if you've noticed that the Joneses have been inexplicably cool to you lately, perhaps you can blame that campaign sticker on your windshield.)

If a man is having trouble at home with his wife or mother-in-law, is it likely to affect how he votes at the polls?

Yes. The man who is having domestic trouble, or who is finding things tough at the office, is likely to vote against the candidates in office. Studies conducted at the Institute of

Human Relations at Yale university show that the more frustrations a man encounters, the more likely he is to vote against the incumbents.

Do women differ from men in deciding how they are going to vote?

Women are more likely to vote for the candidate whose appearance they like, but men tend to vote for the man with whose policies they agree. As Harvard sociologists Carle C. Zimmerman and Lucius Cervantes point out, a woman tends to personalize every aspect of life, politics included. She is far more interested in the personality of a candidate than in his actions, accomplishments, theories, or vital statistics.

Do Republicans generally have different personalities than Democrats?

To find out the answer to that question, Tufts university psychologists subjected selected samples of Republican, Democratic, and Independent voters to a battery of attitude tests. The study revealed the following important differences.

Republican voters were the most tough-minded and individualistic; they felt the highest self-esteem, and exhibited the greatest confidence in themselves and their abilities.

Democratic voters were the most tender-minded; they felt much more benevolent about people in general than either Republicans or Independents, and were more understanding of the weaknesses of others.

But they tended to rank low in morale, self-confidence, and sense of personal well-being. And they were inclined to vote more by emotion than by logic.

The Independents were found to be the least benevolent in their attitude toward other people. They tended to be highly critical of society in general and members of their own community in particular. They were inclined to concentrate on others' faults and shortcomings, and to overlook their virtues. They also suspected others of being critical and unfriendly toward them. The scientists reasoned that the Independents' feelings of distrust for both political parties were extended in some measure to their fellow citizens who make up these parties. However, the Independents showed greater tendency to think for themselves and to retain the courage of their convictions.

What other personality differences might be noted between Democratic and Republican party members?

Professor Henry L. Manheim, Arizona State university sociologist, recently conducted a study of the personality characteristics of active Democrats and Republicans in the Los Angeles area. Subjects were members of political clubs in representative middle-class areas. Personality traits were measured by standard psychological tests.

Republicans were found to have the strongest "fighting spirit."

Democrats made the highest

scores in serious-mindedness, deliberateness, and self-control.

The Republicans scored highest on the following characteristics: rapid pace of activities, energy, vitality, liking for speed, hurrying, quickness of action, enthusiasm, and liveliness.

Democrats scored higher than the Republicans on these qualities: friendliness, agreeableness, tolerance, and respect for others.

What about the person who doesn't vote at all?

A continuing study sponsored by the Ford Foundation shows marked personality differences between voters and nonvoters. People who don't vote were found to be far more self-centered and unimaginative than the rest of the population. They were also less knowledgeable, led narrower and more restricted lives, tended to have an apathetic outlook on life

in general, were less successful in their professions and occupations, and averaged lower incomes.

Is it easier to persuade a Democrat to vote Republican than to persuade a Republican to vote Democratic?

Yes. The Survey Research center's studies of the voting population show that a Democrat is much more likely to be persuaded to vote for the opposition candidate than a Republican is. A consensus of psychological studies shows that Democrats tend to be more open-minded on social and political issues than Republicans; more disposed to listen to the other fellow's arguments; more willing to look at both sides of the question. Republicans tend to be more positive-minded, more resolute and unyielding in their attitudes, and more likely to cling tenaciously to their political convictions.



WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE

The actor hadn't worked in two years. Then one day an adman took a liking to his face and signed him to do a season of live TV cigarette commercials.

Came the first show. The actor smiled, got his cue, took a deep, satisfying draw from his cigarette, and sighed blissfully, "Man, that's real coffee."

American Mercury (August '40).



Stuntman Rupert Evans, leader of a bloodthirsty gang of pirates in Walt Disney's production of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, had just completed a scene in Tobago where he and his men were tipped out of their boats and had to swim ashore.

On reaching dry land, Rupert went over to congratulate director Ken Annakin. "That's a wonderful touch, Ken," he said. "Putting those dummy shark fins in the water was just right."

Ken looked puzzled. "What dummy shark fins?" he asked.

English Digest (August '60).

Bowling scores a strike

Manufacturers can't make balls fast enough to keep up with demand

A SINGLE-MINDED burglar broke into a house in Denver last spring. He passed up money, jewelry, and furs to snatch what he really came for—a bowling ball. As 27 million Americans will tell you, that's a pretty mean trick.

But his choice in loot isn't surprising when you consider what bowling has come to in recent years. For one thing, its adherents have doubled since 1950. Today's 27 million bowlers will have increased to 41 million by 1965, if present trends hold. With over two million people entering the game every year, equipment suppliers are hard pressed to meet demands (a probable reason for Denver's Case of the Hot Bowling Ball). The Brunswick Corp., world's largest maker of balls, expects to turn out twice as many in 1960 as it did in 1959, with no worry about oversupply.

There is more to the story than growth, however. The game has become automated and glamorized. Thanks to television, the professional bowler is emerging as a significant



sports figure, the big-money stars acclaimed and autograph-hounded. (Sign of the times: last winter a 14-year-old autograph collector offered his chum a Warren Spahn for a Don Carter. No dice.)

Luxurious new bowling centers are mushrooming all over the country. Fast disappearing are yesterday's over-store alleys, with their rumbly and creaky stairways and smoky atmospheres. Today's bowlers play in air-conditioned, sound-proofed palaces, usually surrounded by acres of paved parking. The palaces offer many services. They serve food and drink. They baby-sit for bowling mothers. They provide free instruction by house pros. They furnish group meeting rooms. Even swimming pools are beginning to appear.

Modern centers come in all sizes, with a definite trend toward bigness. The world's largest, in Edison, N.J., boasts 112 lanes. There are two lanes

in the White House basement, and altogether around 100,000 in the country, with the number increasing so fast that today's figures are obsolete tomorrow. If there is a saturation point, no one has established what it is. Meanwhile, bowling is becoming a favorite investment of Celebrity Row.

Two or three all-star baseball teams could be picked from the roster of proprietors. Nellie Fox, Yogi Berra, Stan Musial, Gil Hodges—to name just a few—have their own centers, as have football's Johnny Unitas, golf's Jay Hebert, hockey's Fern Flaman. The star-studded corporation backing an elaborate new establishment in suburban Denver includes, among others, Jack Benny, Walt Disney, and Bing Crosby.

Traditionally as American as Boston baked beans, tenpins is suddenly taking on an international look. It has come into particular favor in Canada, with indications that it is being played in addition to, and not at the expense of, Canadian fivepins. There are lanes in Latin America, and in Europe. A plush center was opened in Monaco last June under the partnership of Prince Rainier III and Aristotle Onassis.

Bowling's renaissance started the day in 1951 when American Machine and Foundry Co. introduced automatic pinspotting. The Brunswick Corp. helped it along a few years later with its own version of the robot pinboy, and today over 90% of the nation's lanes are equipped

with either one device or the other.

Then television was harnessed. Despite the misgivings of those who claimed that tenpins had no spectator appeal, *Championship Bowling* was an immediate hit when it went into America's living rooms in 1953. A strike looks easy on a 21-inch screen, and viewers turned participants in droves.

Today there are several national shows on TV, and local ones in a couple of dozen areas—all earning converts as well as high ratings. Television competitors can sometimes win more in an hour than most professional athletes get in a season. One night last February, for instance, Frank Clause picked up \$26,000 on NBC's *Jackpot Bowling*. While that was a record for a single event, five-figure payoffs are by no means rare.

Few sports offer bowling's simplicity of purpose. Basically, all you have to do is roll a perfect sphere accurately down 60 feet of smooth surface. That ought to make it everybody's game, which is just what it is. There are tots' leagues and young folks' leagues and old timers' leagues, leagues for the blind and for others physically handicapped. In Ashtabula, Ohio, there is a league of nuns from the area's parochial schools.

A philosopher, a theologian, a foreign-language scholar, a chemist, an education expert, and a university vice president form a championship team that has another unusual feature—when its members take off their bowling shirts, they don Ro-

man collars. The Padres, made up of Holy Cross Fathers at the University of Notre Dame, are the steady-rolling champs of the school's men's league. They entered, so they say, "primarily to get to know the people of the university," which was small consolation to the rest of the league when the philosopher of the group, Father Thomas Brennan, philosophized a 278 out of the pins last year.

Another reason for bowling's prosperity is that it requires no special physical endowments. You have to be seven feet high for basketball, or weigh an eighth of a ton to be a football lineman; but as Allie Brandt proved, bowling stardom is open to anyone big enough to roll a 16-pound ball.

On Oct. 25, 1939, the five-foot-four, 123-pound Brandt, then 35 years old, drew the deadliest bead on the pins the game has yet seen. By the time he completed his league stint in Lockport, N.Y., that night, sports history had been made. He began with 11 strikes, then had a 2-4-5 leave for a 297. In the second game he threw ten more before the 10-pin heartbreakingly stayed up and left him with 289—his poor effort of the night. Finishing stronger than ever, he hit the perfect 300 in the last game. Total—an incredible 886!

Now a lanes proprietor in Lockport, the 56-year-old Brandt still manages a 190-plus average, although he plays league competition only once a week. Uncountable se-

ries have been rolled since that night, but so far his record remains as impregnable as Babe Ruth's 60 homers.

Does he think it will ever be beaten? "High scores," says Brandt, "are tougher to get today—but still there are more of them because there are more bowlers. Somebody's bound to top it some day." He believes, though, that it will take 35 strikes to do it. Actually, even 35 strikes wouldn't be good enough, if the one miss came in the middle of a game; for then the best the frustrated sharpshooter could accomplish would be 879.

Current surveys show that women are turning to the game in greater numbers than men—their curiosity aroused, no doubt, by husbands who bowl one night a week and talk about it for six. Marian Ladewig of Grand Rapids, a youthful grandmother with 23 success-filled years in the game, is the acknowledged queen of 11 million distaff bowlers. Modern bowling-center decor has women in mind, as has Brunswick in its soon-to-be-released line of balls in several colors. Proprietors are happy to provide baby-sitting in return for off-hour business.

The country's million or so junior bowlers include a few like Susie Halloway, a Milwaukee six-year-old with a personal high of 174 and an average of over 130. But mostly they're kids just out for healthy diversion. Their lively participation, particularly on weekends with their

mothers and dads, gives the game a family look. One father points out, "When Debbie and I team up against Mike and his mother, the booing and cheering and playing for blood seem to wear away all our petty little frictions. We go to the lanes as four individuals, and come out a family."

Nor is the family look confined to the Sunday crowd. Bowling is well stocked with husband-and-wife professionals, rarities in most other sports. Don and Laverne Carter, for example, or Joe and June Kristof, Paul and Flo Krumske, Junie and Helen McMahon—the list is a long one. June Kristof answered in typical wifely fashion when asked to tell about the most thrilling game in her career. It wasn't, she said, one of her games at all; it was "Joe's 300 on television—on our fourth wedding anniversary!"

Bowling can be traced back 7,000 years for certain, and its recorded history began in 12th-century Lon-

don. In the 17th century, Dutch settlers introduced the game to America, where it became so popular that the Puritans suspected it of being fun, and outlawed it. But someone noticed that the ban specified ninepins; so he added a pin and changed the shape of the layout from a diamond to a triangle, and tenpins was born. The Puritans took no action against the revised version. They realized that the previously unknown hazard it opened up—the 7-10 leave—was penance enough.

What about the sport's future? Well, some people in the game look for complete automation, with coin-operated lanes and electronic score computers. One duffer, however, has come up with what seems to be the best idea of all.

"What we need," he says, "is a simple invention that will allow my golf scores to go down on my bowling record, and vice-versa. Then they'll want me on television in both."



PICTURED: Sky carbonated with stars. Mary C. Dorsey . . . A sash of rainbow held back the clouds. Betty Church . . . Trees fidgeting nervously before the approaching storm. Charles

Chick Govin . . . Eyes akimbo. S. J. Perelman . . . He wore his gray hair like a beret. Robert Traver.

PUNNED: Pay television: feevee. Variety . . . Preen agers. Hazel E. Howard . . . He hitched his braggin' to a bar. C. Cotton . . . Let us put the chart before the course. S. J. Perelman . . . Making a monument out of a molehill. Ella Arthur.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

The Risks in Blood Transfusion

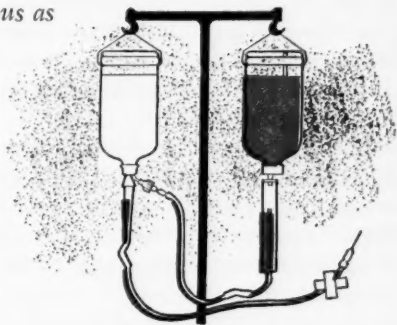
This common procedure is as dangerous as a major operation, but the risks are reduced by simple precautions

MRS. AUDREY GRANGER, East Orange, N.J., housewife and mother of six, received a new kind of blood transfusion a few months ago. Doctors gave her a pint of her own blood, collected for that purpose two weeks before she underwent an operation.

Superstition? Not at all. Mrs. Granger's blood has a rare antibody with power to cause clotting of blood from 997 out of every 1,000 persons. She didn't dare risk getting blood that would cause an incompatibility reaction.

This month, about 450,000 Americans will receive transfusions of whole blood. Hundreds will die this year because of reactions from incompatible blood. On the other hand, hundreds of thousands of persons right now owe their lives to the fact that the blood of strangers once ran through their veins.

In the last ten years blood transfusions have become almost routine hospital procedure. Is transfusion nearly foolproof, to be viewed with nonchalance? Or are major risks involved?



One 1959 estimate suggests that there is one fatal reaction from every 1000 U.S. transfusions. Others hold that such a figure is three times too high. Even if that is so, transfusions take many more lives each year than do airplane crashes.

Last May, court action growing out of a fatal transfusion led to an award of \$150,000 damages. A hospital in Yonkers, N.Y., and two doctors were ordered to pay. Such cases are on the increase, and juries are awarding bigger damages.

For every fatal reaction, there are dozens of less severe ones. Many are so mild as to pass without being noticed, or are charged up to other causes.

When a patient is given incompatible blood, his face becomes hot almost at once. Other symptoms may include severe throbbing in the ab-

dominal region, faintness, intense pain in the back, chills, and fever.

Severe reactions lead to a rapid pulse, intense stomach cramps, vomiting, and blood in the urine. Once this pattern of symptoms is observed, the patient's life is in danger. Out of seven cases described in one report, three ended in death. In another group, 11 out of 17 died in four to 18 days.

Whether you receive blood or give it, technicians will use routine tests to determine your blood type. Unless special dangers are known to exist, it is unlikely that the tests will go beyond determining whether you have A, B, AB, or O blood and whether you are Rh negative or positive. Transfused blood from a blood bank or an emergency donor will have no harmful effects if it exactly matches yours and if it is given properly.

But those two *if's* cover a lot of territory.

In the first place, your blood is an enormously complex thing. It includes so many ingredients arranged in such elaborate fashion that no two samples are identical. Factors that set your blood apart from that of others may have little or no clinical importance. But no other person on earth has blood precisely like yours. It is as individual as your face—or your fingerprints.

Blood plasma is remarkably like diluted sea water. Red corpuscles which give blood its color are minute cargo vessels which carry oxygen to body cells and take carbon dioxide

away from them. Your heart pumps this elaborate mixture through a network of blood vessels long enough to stretch four times around the world.

Each red cell resembles a disc made by two saucers placed back to back. If they were stacked like coins, it would take more than 1000 of them to reach the top of the letter "o" in this line.

The surfaces of these minute cells are dotted with microscopic clumps of compounds known as *antigens*. Tiny as they are, antigens can set off reactions that are almost explosive in their force. Antibodies in blood serum have a reciprocal relationship with antigens, somewhat like the relationship between the right hand and the left. Except in rare cases, a person's serum does not contain the antibody for any of the antigens found on his own red cells. Antigens and antibodies are the most active agents in bringing about serious or fatal reactions to blood transfusions.

Early experimenters had no idea of the complicated structure of human blood. They reasoned that since all blood is red, all of it must be alike. So they didn't bother to do any matching. Sometimes they even used the blood of animals to treat the ills of human beings!

Pope Innocent VIII may have been the first person to receive a blood transfusion. He suffered an apoplectic stroke, and in 1492 was visited by a Jewish physician who used blood as a treatment. Whether it was actually injected into the pon-

tiff's veins, history does not record.

It wasn't until 1667 that any doctor gave a detailed description of successful transfusion. In that year Jean Baptiste Denis, physician to Louis XIV of France, was called to see a boy of 15 whose fever had been treated by repeated bleedings. Using silver tubes, Denis injected nine ounces of lamb's blood, and the dying boy made a remarkable recovery. Two other cures made Denis famous. But his fourth case led to a severe reaction. The patient died, and Denis was tried for murder.

Though they had no notions of blood's complexity, early theorists reasoned that it must possess some qualities of the animal or person from whom it is drawn. So there was eager speculation as to whether a transfusion of sheep's blood would cause a dog to grow wool, hoofs, or horns. One doctor even proposed that family quarrelling be dealt with by swapping blood between husband and wife.

By 1850, it was generally recognized that blood from one creature is fatal or dangerous to those of other species. But doctors still had no knowledge of reactions involving only human blood. But they occurred often enough to cause them to give up this method of healing. During the Civil War, only two transfusions were described in medical reports; none was attempted during the Spanish-American War.

Through a chance discovery, Dr. Karl Landsteiner laid the foundation

for modern blood transfusion procedure. In 1900, he took samples of blood for six of his colleagues. Then he separated serum from the red cells and suspended them in salt water. Each specimen of serum was mixed with samples from each group of cells. In some cases, there was no reaction. But in others, red cells came together in clusters.

Landsteiner found that chemical differences divide human blood into distinct groups, which he called A, B, and O. At first his discovery received little attention. But 30 years later, he received the Nobel prize for it.

For two generations, doctors thought that Landsteiner's discovery of the ABO system had solved most problems of transfusion. But in 1939 a woman of type O had a severe reaction after a transfusion of O blood from her husband. Analysts guessed that some unknown antigen must occur in the red cells of the husband, but be absent from those of his wife.

Landsteiner attacked the new problem and, with an associate, found that blood of the monkey *Macacus rhesus* has a factor that causes antibodies to form in the serum of many mammals. From the name of the monkey in which it was found, this new component of blood was called the Rh factor.

This discovery proved a key that unlocked major riddles. About 5% of Rh negative women who bear Rh positive children become sensitive to this factor during pregnancy. Reac-

tions revolving about it account for a whole class of infant deaths. And adults whose blood is Rh negative may become dangerously sensitive after repeated transfusions.

Many other blood types have been isolated in recent years. Most are comparatively rare, and none is known to play a major role in transfusion reactions. Yet we can't assume that "minor" fractions will have no effect when blood from another person is injected into our veins.

Last year, Dr. John Scudder of New York's Presbyterian hospital suggested to blood-bank workers that racial factors be taken into account in transfusions. There was an immediate uproar of protest. Dr. E. R. Jennings, president of the American Association of Blood Banks, declared that such procedure would do more harm than good. "When the blood of a member of one race matches that of a member of another race," he said, "there are no harmful effects from the transfusion."

Many blood scientists accept that view, but consider it to be oversimplified. English scientists lead the world in the study of blood, partly because of a gift from Lord Nuffield of £1 million for medical research, much of which has been spent in this field. Experts at London's Lister institute have warned that a fresh look at transfusion practices is long overdue in the U.S., where racial factors are especially prominent and where transfusions are often given almost casually.

Our wholesale use of blood and our increasing knowledge about it has had effects in courtrooms as well as hospitals. Evidence based on analysis of blood was first used in 1916 in an Italian trial. Now such evidence is frequently introduced in courts of Germany, Japan, France, England, and the U.S.

Blood-group investigation has had bearing on many criminal cases. It has sometimes solved problems of identity when babies were believed to have been interchanged.

Blood study has gained new impetus thanks to the fact that huge quantities have been analyzed since transfusion became routine. As late as 1911, no practical way of matching blood of donor and recipient was known.

Incompatibility, or failure to match properly, has always caused the most serious transfusion reactions. Other complications follow from too rapid injection of blood or from transfusion of too great a quantity. Blood stored too long before use may cause trouble. Unsterile equipment or diseased donors may infect the recipient with syphilis, malaria, measles, undulant fever, jaundice, or other maladies.

Professional donors, who supply a major portion of the blood used in big cities, are not always reliable. In the days when they were not checked so thoroughly as now, they sometimes became so anemic that a patient's blood count was lowered rather than raised by a transfusion.

And disease-free professionals sometimes lent their I.D. cards to friends who wished to sell a pint of blood without the formality of a medical examination.

Such cases, never common, are increasingly rare. Fatal reactions seem to be decreasing in number, but just how many there are each year is unknown. Dr. Jacob Geiger, executive director of the Blood Transfusion association, points out that "even today, many cases are not reported or recognized, or are diagnosed incorrectly." According to him, most of the incompatibility reactions result from clerical rather than technical errors.

If you should receive one of this year's estimated 5.5 million transfusions, your chances of a serious reaction are slight—but not absent. A few simple precautions will greatly reduce the risk.

Whether you receive blood or give it, do not expect your physician to accept results of earlier tests. A new one should be made, even if you have medical papers showing your blood type. In 1958 the co-discoverer of the Rh factor asserted that 10% of the identification tags issued to members of the U.S. armed forces

during the 2nd World War listed the wrong blood group.

Do not assume that blood of a friend or relative is safe—or that of a stranger dangerous. In Egypt, good results have followed transfusions from Turkish, Egyptian, Negro, Negro-Arab, Circassian, and Levantine racial groups, with blood properly matched. But hasty transfusion of a mother's blood into the veins of her own baby, without matching, brought death in seven of 25 cases reported in one study.

If you have had previous transfusions, request particular care in handling of your case. Especially when the same donor provides blood, reactions are much more likely in the case of a second or a third than in a first transfusion.

Above all, remember that a transfusion ranks in danger with a major operation. It is never to be regarded flippantly. Technical knowledge is now so refined that there is little risk in the use of blood, provided that extreme care is observed at every point. Except for instances of carelessness or disregard of standard procedures, you can stake your life on the assumption that a hospital transfusion will be safe.



HIGHEST HURDLE

A businessman, searching for a good chauffeur, was favorably impressed by one applicant. The man's references covered 20 years of driving.

"Excellent," said the businessman. "Now for the final test." He pulled an opened road map from beneath his desk and handed it to the driver.

"Now," he said, "let me see you fold this!"

P. Cassidy Fletcher.

By Jimmy Durante
as told to Morton Cooper
Condensed from the
"Diners' Club Magazine"*

The Good Old Days of Jimmy Durante

Them were the conditions what pervailed



MY SAINTED DAD, Bartolomeo Durante, lived to be 93 and never knew what it was to have an enemy. When I call him a saint, I'm not just making talk, and anyone still living down around the Catherine St. neighborhood in New York who knew him will tell you so. He had a two-chair barber shop down there. He got a big kick out of walking around with his pockets full of dimes and quarters and handing them out to strangers.

After things started coming my way and I had a contract at MGM, I had him out to Hollywood and introduced him around. He was nice to everybody he met, but didn't get too excited about any of the bunch on the set. Not until Johnny Weissmuller comes up.

Johnny was playing Tarzan pictures then, and he had a lot of hair. Seeing all that hair was too much for pop. He reached for the barber scissors he always carried with him and

made a grab for Johnny. "I cut," he says. "For free. I cut."

My pop was a gentle man, and outside of that time with Johnny he never started up. There was the first day he saw me perform on the screen. Somebody asks him what he thought of his son as an actor. Like I say, he was the friendliest man on the earth. He said, "Let's not start an argument."

In the years I been in show business, that's been pretty much my philosophy, too. Let's not start an argument. Sometimes I make this announcement about how I wake up each day with a song, but the whole truth is that's only a part of the truth. The song comes second. What I do first each day I wake up is pray. I thank God I'm here, that I got good health, good friends, a whole lot of

*10 Columbus Circle, New York City 19, July, 1960. © 1960 by the Diners' Club, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

great memories, and that I've managed to steer clear of arguments.

Not that that's always been a cinch. There was some rough customers in our neighborhood when I was a kid, guys who'd pick on you as soon as they'd look at you, and this beak of mine more often than not gave them plenty chances to start the razzing.

Around this time I begun practicing ragtime at the piano. Between times I was delivering papers and running as a messenger, I picked up a little money playing at prize fights and private parties. By 16 I was working steady at the ragtime piano, sometimes in honky-tonks my pop didn't approve of.

"Pick your friends," he'd tell me. "Some give you health, and some take it away." He didn't like the clientele I was associating myself with, and you can't blame a parent for that. But I minded my own business, kept my schnozzola clean, worked hard, and stayed out of trouble.

"Worked hard" is right. In those days if you was going to make yourself a living, you sat at your piano and didn't take breaks. The first regular playing job I had was at Diamond Tony's in Coney Island for \$25 a week. Tony, who wore diamonds for buttons and had a diamond set in one front tooth, made the offer if I'd agree to work through the summer and not ask for a raise. I said okay and found the job consisted of playing seven nights a week

from nine in the evening till six in the morning.

None of those early jobs was a picnic, not only because they kept you hopping but because a whole lot of the people you was playing for and working with wasn't out to sell Girl Scout cookies.

One of the fellas who helped keep the arguments away was Eddie Cantor. Eddie was one of five singing waiters at another Coney place I worked, Carey Walsh's. He was what you called a nickel-kicker, and he was tops at it. He'd be singing all the time he was making change, carrying trays and selling beer checks, but he couldn't stop for a second to pick up any of the nickels the customers threw at him. What he'd do would be to kick the money into a pile near my piano as he kept on the move. I'd pick the nickels up and save them with my right hand while my left hand was busy at the keys.

One of my jobs was to watch that the checks got paid. If I'd see a party get up and try to leave without settling with the waiter, I wouldn't yell out. Each waiter at Carey Walsh's had his own particular song. I'd play the song belonging to that waiter, and if he couldn't get the money out of the customer using polite methods, the gents who worked direct for the boss would take over.

It was when I was at a midtown New York cabaret called the Nightingale that I come across a swell headwaiter named Frank Nolan.

Frank talked me into opening a place of my own and calling it the Club Durante.

At first I wasn't too keen on the idea, but Frank had faith in me and I didn't want to let him down. When I first seen the site for the club before we took it over, it was up in a loft. You was supposed to open a trap door and climb up a ladder to get to it. I told Frank Nolan it'd be a flop, that nobody would ever come to it unless they was mountain goats.

But we opened. Frank put up 25%, Eddie Jackson and Harry Harris put up 25% each, and I paid the last quarter. As I says, the cabaret was supposed to be called Club Durante, but we had only enough money to pay the sign man to set up "Club Durant." The extra "e" would've cost another \$100 and we just didn't have it.

The first night was a smash, but after a while business dropped off so bad we started singing songs to each other. We didn't get into high gear until Lou Clayton, God rest him, bought out Harry Harris's interest. We was Clayton, Jackson, and Durante then. Lou danced, Eddie sung those great old-time tunes, and I played and now and then come out with a coupla cracks.

We got a lot of help and advice from Sime Silverman, who run *Variety*, and he started plugging us in the paper. We had patrons like Robert Benchley and Charles MacArthur and Nunnally Johnson, ace-high writers who kept plugging

away for us. Before long the cash register gets overtime.

We all worked hard then, too, but what really give us the success was Lou Clayton. He was the manager and he stayed the manager. After we closed up, we all wanted to go play the Palace. They says to us, "What, us play sawdust entertainers?" Like we wasn't good enough. Lou, he tells them, "Okay, you wait. Someday you'll want us." And he was right.

One day Fannie Brice took sick and they come rushing for us to come take over, which we do. And that's how we get our start after the Club Durant.

One important thing we all learned while we was trying to be fast and funny up on the stage: to get laughs you don't have to be off-color or to hurt folks by poking fun at them. In all our years together we never used a line that was double-intended.

Because a lot of nice people was always there with a helping hand, we come a good ways since the Coney Island cabarets and we tried just about every phase of the business: radio, television, the movies, even records. There's been this saying around, and it's close to true, that in the song-publishing company under my name we sold exactly one copy of a song I wrote, and that was bought by a fella who had a job imitating Durante.

But with all respect to all those other lines, I got to confess my softest

spot is still the business that puts me direct in with people.

You can really give a show when you know they're sitting around you. It's like a party that way. In radio we didn't know how well off we was. They gave you a script, you read it, and that was that. But you didn't have the people to play to and look at nearby. In pictures I was in some good stories like *The Great Rupert*, and I enjoyed it, but it was always hard to forget that the camera was in the front and the audience was away in the back.

The only thing wrong with radio and television and the movies, the way I see it, is that you can't always ad lib at the piano, the way you can in a personal appearance. We used to have an awful lot of fun in California when we visited Joe Pasternak, the producer, there. We'd just sit around, playing the piano and laughing and kidding. There could've been some great shows if some of those parties could've been put on film, but they keep telling me you can't do that. I don't know why.

You know the best television me and Eddie Jackson and Jack Roth and Jules Buffano and the gang ever did? At the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. They televised all of us doing our regular show. You had the honest cabaret feeling then, the flavor, you had the feel of the only thing that really counts: folks. Nice folks.

Some people may laugh when I talk about nice folks, when I say I

was helped all down the line (and so was those who laugh) by nice folks. Let them. No man makes the whole shooting match all by himself. My dad was right: some give you health, some take it away. It's the nice folks, and only them, who help you decide which fence to stay behind.

One of the best things about show business is that if you're halfways sincere, you just can't help but meet the cream of the crop—the nice folks. I got two proofs of this. Two things happened to me that might not've happened so easy if I'd been in some other line.

One concerns the first time I went to the Lighthouse for the Blind to do a little entertaining. I was a little nervous about what the reaction would be, but that's where I was wrong. The way that audience laughed was one of the best tonics I ever had.

And there was the day I went to the Halloran Veterans' hospital on Staten Island with Ed Sullivan to do my kidding around. So what happens? Up about the fifth row I see two boys who have only one arm each. When I come out with a joke, they applaud by beating their one hand against the other fella's palm. This makes up nice folks, and this I never forget.

I didn't quite finish Harvard (my dean there says I couldn't spell good enough) but I do know this: you never make the grade by yourself. I'm the luckiest man in the world. I've always had friends.

Our Year in Quebec

We soon learned that in that enchanting city the holydays are holidays

THE PRINTED NOTICE attached to my milk bottle came as a surprise. It announced that on the following day, November 30, in observance of the Feast of All Saints, there would be no delivery of milk. It was signed, "The Borden Co., Ltd." The reverse side of the card carried the same message in French.

The following day shops and businesses were closed, no mail was delivered, no workmen scurried about the construction job across the street. A Sunday atmosphere prevailed. For this was Quebec, French Canada, where holydays are holidays.

During the year that we lived in Quebec, my husband and I learned many things about the French-Canadian way of life that are usually not apparent to the vacationing American. Some of our experiences left us with rather mixed emotions, it's true, since foreign customs are rarely a source of undiluted pleasure to the American living abroad.

While my husband was a graduate student at Laval university, I pursued my low-budget, student-wifely way. Through the cold Canadian winter, I became more and more adept at coping with the prob-

lems of daily life. By far the most constant problem was French: a language I could read, but found incomprehensible when spoken in the local accent.

To compound the confusion, many of the merchants seemed to regard any French spoken by an American as a doubtful, even dangerous thing. It could lead to disastrous misunderstandings of a financial nature. *Voila!* The solution: ignore all American French. This left the transplanted Yankee in the unenviable position of having to reconcile his schoolbook French with the strange sounds he heard about him. The process was at times amusing,



but more often it was frustrating.

It was hard to believe, for example, that *dix-sept*, *dix-huit*, and *dix-neuf* (17, 18, and 19) had to be reduced to the "sweat," "sweet," and "sniff" shouted by the bus drivers to indicate the numbers of their busses. Or that the fate of a diner's hunger for a grilled cheese sandwich (*fromage grillé*) hung on the proper roll of the double *ll*.

Eventually, however, I managed to reach an understanding of sorts with the butcher, the baker—and the nurses in the maternity ward at the hospital where our daughter, Jeanette Marie, was born.

This wonderful event afforded another opportunity for learning how much a part of their lives the Catholic religion is for the people of Quebec. Shortly after the baby was born, a nurse came to ask me when I planned to have her baptized. Considering the thickly falling February snow, and thinking the question mere curiosity, I told her that it all depended on the weather—a reply that must have seemed scandalously flippant. I was unaware then that in Quebec babies are customarily baptized in the hospital shortly after birth, rather than at a Sunday afternoon service in the parish church.

Birth and Baptism are so much one in the minds of the Quebecers that no civil birth records are kept. The Baptismal record rather than the birth certificate is the official document of Quebec citizenship.

Most of our early difficulties have

now taken on the pleasant hue of family jokes. When we recall our colorful experiences in Quebec, it is with a nostalgic desire to revisit familiar places in the city and the province.

By far our most glowing recollections are those of the Christmas we spent there. For the outsider, the French-Canadian Christmas season is an unforgettable event. And the Quebec Christmas is truly a *season* in the proper liturgical sense. The joys of Christmastide are carried through the Epiphany, which is itself a holyday of obligation in Canada. Not until the octave of the Epiphany are the lights, the trees, and the decorations taken down.

The abundance of fresh snow lends a fairyland beauty to the country. Instead of being one exhausted day culminating a season of frantic shopping, as our own Christmas has so generally become, the French-Canadian Christmas only begins with the religious observance of the birth of Christ. There follows the long, joyous season shared with friends and family, climaxed for the children by the coming of *Père Noël* on the Epiphany rather than on Christmas day. This custom enhances the meaning of the gifts, as families share the joys of giving with the three Wise Men.

June 24, the feast of St. John the Baptist, patron saint of the province, is a legal holiday marked by public celebration. Quebec City, the provincial capital, takes on the flag-fly-

ing air of festivity proper to great national holidays.

The flag most often seen on such occasions is not the British Union Jack, or even the Canadian flag. It is instead the provincial flag of Quebec, a beautiful blue banner quartered by a large white cross, with each quarter bearing the traditional fleur-de-lis.

This great feast is one of both religious and secular celebration. The Church observes the day by processions, special Masses, and sermons. The holiday is the occasion as well for parades, sporting events, and other gala festivities. The tourist fortunate enough to be in Quebec on June 24 has the pleasant surprise of seeing the stately, old-world city burst forth in carnival color.

While Quebec has clung in many ways to the customs and traditions of its early inhabitants, the encroachments of modern civilization are increasingly evident. The visitor who wishes to savor the real spirit of French Canada, little changed in almost 400 years, can still do so by traveling to the Ile d'Orleans. This island, made famous by writers, poets, and painters, rises in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, only six miles from the capital city. It is 21 miles long and five miles wide, and is accessible by bridge from the village of Montmorency.

About 4,000 French Canadians live on the island in the manner of their ancestors for generations before them, affected but little by the prog-

ress of the world beyond the river. Many of the old Norman-style houses have stood unaltered since the 1600's. The women bake their bread in outdoor ovens. Carts and plows are drawn by ox teams. In winter, the inhabitants travel from village to village in jingling horse-drawn sleighs.

The road circling the island passes through the half-dozen villages that are the focal points for the outlying farms. The center of life in each village is the parish church. To the ancient churches the entire population of the island comes on Sundays and important feast days. On Christmas eve, whole families — grandparents down to the toddlers — are bundled into sleighs for the frosty drive to the midnight Mass, over a road illuminated only by moonlight on the snow and the tiny glow of vigil lights in wayside shrines.

Any Catholic tourist who vacations in Quebec is certain to be impressed by the cathedral-like churches in the small towns along the highway, by the frequency of wayside shrines on the thoroughfares and byways alike, and by the great pilgrimage centers of St. Anne de Beaupré and the shrine of St. Joseph in Montreal. But only out of a close association with the people in their daily lives can you get a lasting feeling for the customs of another country. I lived and worked among the people of Quebec and feel forever enriched by having shared in the truly Catholic life of the French Canadians.

Is Mao Mad?

*Like Stalin, China's despot may
be a dangerous megalomaniac*

AT A CHINESE communist celebration last year, a 500-voice chorus joined a symphony orchestra to perform a song that has almost supplanted the communist national anthem.

*The East shines red,
The sun rises,
China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung.
He plans blessings for the people,
He is the great savior of the people.*

The parallels between the Stalin cult, which Khrushchev laid bare before the world, and the Mao cult should cause concern throughout the world. Mao has been in power a long time; he became the head of the Chinese Communist party in 1935. Few people have paused to consider the impact of this long period of supreme power and success upon the man. Yet there is increasing evidence that Mao has become affected by those illusions of grandeur that have turned other



despots into pathological figures.

By 1949, when the communists came to power, Mao towered over all his colleagues. His picture adorned the trucks in which communist troops moved into Chinese cities and was quickly given the place of honor in all public buildings, shrines, and homes.

Mao's writings were committed to memory, and study of "The Thought of Mao Tse-tung" was substituted for other courses in schools and colleges. Sycophantic outpourings, in which history was rewritten, proved that from the very beginning Mao had been correct and wise, that he was indeed heir to the traditional Chinese "mandate of heaven."

The vice-minister of public health recalled Mao's ability to understand medicine: "His simple advice im-

*25 Haymarket, London SW1, June, 1960. © 1960 by Encounter, Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

mediately solved the problem that had been worrying me for days." The press reported in January, 1958, that Mao had taken a plough in hand and astonished all observers with his straight furrows. It was claimed that Mao had swum across the mighty Yangtze river seven times in September, 1958.

Mao's words are reported as always evoking inspiration among his listeners. The people are described in terms of hearts pounding with joy and "so excited that tears drop from their eyes."

Mao has apparently given inspiring instructions in every conceivable field from public sanitation to statistics, from traditional medicine to farming. The *People's Daily* pointed out, "Today in the era of Mao Tse-tung, heaven is here on earth. Once the Party calls, tens of millions of the masses jump into action. Chairman Mao is a great prophet. Through scientific Marxism-Leninism he can see the future. Each prophecy of Chairman Mao has become a reality. It was so in the past; it is so today."

Every issue of every publication in China today joins in the task of praising Mao. According to a song published in *Hungqi Folk Songs* the task will never be completed.

*Chairman Mao is infinitely kind
Ten thousand songs are not enough
to praise him
With trees as pens, the sky as paper
And an ocean of ink,
Much would still be left unwritten.*

What sort of person is the real Mao Tse-tung? Certainly he is indeed a leader of real ability. Chang Kuo-t'ao, a former Politburo member whom I have interviewed, states that Mao understands power better than theory and that in its pursuit he has proved a "calculating and practical Chinese schemer." The communist leader's power has grown steadily since his ragged forces, at lowest ebb, reached Shensi province following the Long March at the end of 1935. Mao's supremacy in China is unchallenged.

A quarter of a century of growth of power and success in bending Chinese masses to his will have served to convince Mao that his views are practically universal truths. Former colleagues note that as his power grew, Mao became increasingly dictatorial, always insisting on military-type discipline and loyalty. He is capable of lapsing into peasant slang and the most earthy coolie profanity of his native Hunan.

Those who have watched him at close range have noted that with each passing year the Chairman's rage has grown more terrifying when someone crosses him or seems to disagree with views he holds firmly. This is not unexpected; it has been characteristic of many despots with long tenure in power.

Mao has been sufficiently astute to realize the importance of keeping himself and his central position always in focus. For example, photographs show Mao attired in a uni-

form much lighter in color than those of his colleagues. It insures that he stands out in a group picture. (Hitler was the first to use this trick.)

Few of Mao's critics deny his brilliance in fields such as guerrilla tactics and techniques of mass control. But they do point out some serious shortcomings. Chang Kuo-t'ao asserts that Mao is a poor administrator with a small capacity for detail and a rather bad memory for names.

Others, including Indian Prime Minister Nehru, have noted his limited knowledge, especially of the outside world. Members of the Attlee mission in 1955 found him embarrassingly ill informed about Europe and its history. For example, he confused the Scandinavian countries with Belgium and asserted that they had colonies in Africa. Chang Kuo-t'ao and others feel that Mao has little scientific knowledge and is poor at elementary arithmetic, yet the communist leader frequently gives his own orders to the technical ministries.

Mao's ability to sloganize and reduce complex matters to simple formulas has been one of his key assets. Communism's own oversimplified version of history and the world makes it a natural framework for using this skill. Mao has frequently come up with the catchy slogan necessary to accommodate his policies to a changed set of circumstances. Sometimes, however, his slogans bear little relation to reality, and then, given the authority with which his

power endows him, it is reality that must be made to conform to the slogans.

With each passing year, the aging Mao has displayed more of those characteristics for which Khrushchev denounced Stalin. His conduct of Party and state affairs has been highly arbitrary and irregular. Frequently the state structure is by-passed altogether. Like Stalin, Mao leads an irregular life, sometimes working late into the night and sleeping in the morning, making demands on his colleagues at strange hours.

The Hunanese peasant has been surrounded with increasing grandeur. The mammoth parades staged before him as he stands in the central position on the Gate of Heavenly Peace in Peiping are calculated to convince him as well as others of his greatness. His flatterers get important jobs. A man who called Mao the "sun of the human race" was made head of the Academy of Sciences.

The eroding influence of the cult built around him is seen in Mao's increasing intolerance of any criticism of his views.

At a meeting in 1953, Liang Shu-ming, one of China's leaders in rural reform, spoke of the comparatively heavy burden of the peasants compared with the workers. He had barely spoken a few words when Mao could no longer control himself.

"I think you are a skunk!" Mao shouted. Standing at the rostrum, Liang looked as if lightning had just struck. He could not understand

what had made Mao so angry. He made a gesture to continue his speech; but now roars from the audience overtook him. It is not surprising that a nationwide campaign against Liang Shu-ming as an "enemy of the people" was soon launched.

Former colleagues list as another example of Mao's conceit his calling of frequent conferences at which he talks for hours at a time. Those who are enamoured of their own words usually give little attention to their organization and logical presentation. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of Mao's recent rambling speeches have not been reproduced and others have been printed only after laborious editing sometimes more than a year later. There were reports that much of Mao's lengthy speech at a Moscow meeting in 1957 was highly incoherent and could not be understood by any of his listeners.

Refugee Chinese intellectuals say that Mao's lengthy ramblings have tended to become more and more disjointed. The Canadian reporter Gerald Clark who was in China in 1958 states that in their conversations with diplomats the Russians "give the impression that they do not understand Chinese moves any more than do non-communists."

Many recent Chinese policies make sense only when viewed within the framework of Mao's limitations. His faith that if the masses are mobilized anything can be accomplished helps to explain the

backyard iron furnaces and the people's communes. Chairman Mao was given credit for inventing the primitive method of producing iron. This project proved to be a prodigious and heart-rending waste of labor and materials, and the regime was compelled to acknowledge in August, 1959, that most of the iron thus produced was of little value. Yet Mao's infallibility had to be maintained. His critics were denounced as "right opportunists," and in October last year Chou En-lai stated that the small blast furnaces would be continued.

The same faith that regimentation could accomplish anything was undoubtedly also a major reason behind the organization of the people's communes. With regard to these two mass movements, one veteran diplomat is quoted as saying, "I feel someone has got into the national control cabin and is madly pulling all the levers."

Mao's vanity and sense of destiny for China and the parallel with Stalin's ambitions for "holy Russia" should cause the world worry. Twenty years ago he wrote, "In defeating China in war, the imperialist powers have taken away many Chinese dependent states and a part of her territories. Japan took Korea, Taiwan and the Ryukyu islands, the Pescadores, Port Arthur; England seized Burma, Bhutan, Nepal, and Hong Kong; France occupied Annam; and even an insignificant country like Portugal took Macao."

The elevation of such writings to canonical status with memorization and constant quotation also poses problems for his colleagues in China. Chinese leaders can hardly advocate heretical policies while Mao is alive and the object of such adulation. In the rough-and-tumble rivalries of a totalitarian regime such statements will naturally be used against rivals who attempt to ignore them.

Again, Mao's enmity for the West and especially for the U.S. has been long-enduring; he has denounced the Western imperialists as "paper tigers," not to be feared. It is difficult, therefore, either for Mao's ally Khrushchev or his better educated comrades to advocate compromise over outstanding issues because of the formidable nature of U.S. power, for Mao has stated there can be no compromise with "imperialists."

Mao has a fixation about the continued existence of his arch-rival Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. Formosa constitutes a challenge to the whole structure of the Mao cult just as surely as Trotsky while he was alive remained a challenge to Stalin. It is possible that Khrushchev, aware that the U.S. is not a "paper tiger" and is firmly committed to the defense of Formosa, has had to restrain the infallible Mao more than once.

Most of the implications of the cult of Mao Tse-tung are only too clear on the basis of the world's experience with Stalin, but one final

one deserves attention. Mao is a "military first" man. His career and power have been built primarily by military means. The Long March and the following long years of war reinforced his conviction that the representatives of the out-worn "bourgeois and feudal classes" are also "paper tigers" without the will to fight.

More than half his top associates are military men who share Mao's conviction that the "central task and highest form of revolution is to seize political power by force, to solve problems by war." Though other communists prefer to talk of corruption, American policy, or social ills as the cause of their victory over the Nationalists Mao himself attributes his conquest to military skill and the mobilization of the masses.

The Chinese leader has restored armed violence to Marxism with all its original crudeness. In his *Problems of War and Strategy*, Mao wrote: "Every communist must grasp the truth: 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.'"

The cult of the leader, built around Mao Tse-tung, the great simplifier, is too portentous to be passed by by any of the world's leaders. The world is faced with a rapidly industrializing and increasingly powerful China directed by an inadequately informed and little-traveled despot whose conviction of destiny may well drive him to extreme megalomania.

A Letter From St. Ignatius

*One of the first Fathers of
the Church wrote this on his way to
martyrdom in the arena of wild beasts*

Legend says that St. Ignatius of Antioch was the child our Lord took in his arms when He said, "Whoever receives one such little child for my sake, receives me." This incident is in the 9th chapter of St. Mark's Gospel. It is much more likely, however, that St. Ignatius was not born until about 13 years after our Lord ascended into heaven.

Ignatius was the third bishop of Antioch. St. Peter was the first, Evodius the second. Eusebius, an historian of the 4th century, says that St. Peter himself appointed Ignatius to the See of Antioch. St. John Chrysostom says only that he was consecrated a bishop by the Apostles.

Ignatius was arrested in Antioch, taken under guard to Rome. On the way he wrote seven letters. The one to the Romans has the famous statement, "God's wheat I am, and by teeth of wild beasts I am to be ground that I may prove Christ's pure bread."

He was martyred by the beasts in the Flavian amphitheater in about the year 110.

Here is the letter he wrote to the Ephesians on his way to martyrdom. Every pastor has repeated the exhortation in paragraph 13: come to Mass

and receive Holy Communion often. The translation is by James A. Kleist, S.J., for the *Ancient Christian Writers* series.

IGNATIUS, also called Theophorus, sends heartiest good wishes for unalloyed joy in Jesus Christ to the Church at Ephesus in Asia; a church deserving of felicitation, blessed, as she is, with greatness through the fullness of God the Father; predestined, before time was, to be—to her abiding and unchanging glory—forever united and chosen, through real suffering, by the will of the Father and Jesus Christ our God.

1. With joy in God I welcomed your community, which possesses its dearly beloved name because of a right disposition, enhanced by faith and love through Christ Jesus our Saviour. Being imitators of God, you have, once restored to new life in the Blood of God, perfectly accomplished the task so natural to you. Indeed, as soon as you heard that I was coming from Syria in chains for our common Name and hope—hoping I

*Edited by Colman J. Barry, O.S.B. © 1960 by The Newman Press, Westminster, Md., and reprinted with permission. Vol. 1. 633 pp.

might, thanks to your prayer, obtain the favor of fighting wild beasts at Rome and through this favor be able to prove myself a disciple—you hastened to see me. In the name of God, then, I have received your numerous community in the person of Onesimus, a man of indescribable charity and your bishop here on earth. I pray you in the spirit of Jesus Christ to love him, and wish all of you to resemble him. Blessed, indeed, is He whose grace made you worthy to possess such a bishop. . . .

3. I give you no orders as though I were somebody. For, even though I am in chains for the sake of the Name, I am not yet perfected in Jesus Christ. Indeed, I am now but being initiated into discipleship, and I address you as my fellow disciples. Yes, I ought to be anointed by you with faith, encouragement, patient endurance, and steadfastness. However, since affection does not permit me to be silent when you are concerned, I am at once taking this op-



portunity to exhort you to live in harmony with the mind of God. Surely, Jesus Christ, our inseparable life, for his part is the mind of the Father, just as the bishops, though appointed throughout the vast, wide earth, represent for their part the mind of Jesus Christ.

4. Hence it is proper for you to act in agreement with the mind of the bishop; and this you do. Certain it is that your presbytery, which is a credit to its name, is a credit to God; for it harmonizes with the bishop as completely as the strings with a harp. This is why in the symphony of your concord and love the praises of Jesus Christ are sung. But you, the rank and file, should also form a choir, so that, joining the symphony by your concord and by your unity taking your key note from God, you may with one voice through Jesus Christ sing a song to the Father. Thus He will both listen to you and by reason of your good life recognize in you the melodies of his Son. It profits you, therefore, to continue in your flawless unity, that you may at all times have a share in God.

5. For a fact, if I in a short time became so warmly attached to your bishop—an attachment not on human grounds but on spiritual—how much more do I count you happy who are as closely knit to him as the Church is to Jesus Christ and as Jesus Christ is to the Father! As a result, the symphony of unity is perfect. Let no one deceive himself: unless a man is within the sanctuary,

he has to go without the Bread of God. Assuredly, if the prayer of one or two has such efficacy, how much more that of the bishop of the entire Church? It follows, then: he who absents himself from the common meeting, by that very fact shows pride and becomes a sectarian; for the Scripture says: *God resists the proud*. Let us take care, therefore, not to oppose the bishop, that we may be submissive to God.

6. Furthermore: the more anyone observes that a bishop is discreetly silent, the more he should stand in fear of him. Obviously, anyone whom the Master of the household puts in charge of his domestic affairs, ought to be received by us in the same spirit as He who has charged him with this duty. Plainly, then, one should look upon the bishop as upon the Lord Himself. Now, Onesimus for his part overflows with praise of the good order that, thanks to God, exists in your midst. Truth is the rule of life for all of you, and heresy has no foothold among you. The fact is, you have nothing more to learn from anyone, since you listen to Jesus Christ who speaks truthfully.

7. Some there are, you know, accustomed with vicious guile to go about with the Name on their lips, while they indulge in certain practices at variance with it and an insult to God. These you must shun as you would wild beasts: they are rabid dogs that bite in secret; you must beware of them, for they are hard to

cure. There is only one Physician, both carnal and spiritual, born and unborn, God become man, true life in death; sprung both from Mary and from God, first subject to suffering and then incapable of it—Jesus Christ Our Lord. . . .

13. Make an effort, then, to come more frequently to celebrate God's Eucharist and to offer praise. For, when you meet frequently in the same place, the forces of Satan are overthrown, and his baneful influence is neutralized by the unanimity of your faith. Peace is a precious thing: it puts an end to every war waged by heavenly or earthly enemies.

14. Nothing of this escapes you; only persevere to the end in your faith in, and your love for, Jesus Christ. Here is the beginning and the end of life: faith is the beginning, *the end is love*; and when the two blend perfectly with each other, they are God. Everything else that makes for right living is consequent upon these. No one who professes faith sins; no one who professes love hates. *The tree is known by its fruit*. In like manner those who profess to belong to Christ will be known as such by their conduct. Certainly, what matters now is not mere profession of faith, but whether one is found to be actuated by it to the end.

15. It is better to keep silence and be something than to talk and be nothing. Teaching is an excellent thing, provided the speaker practices what he teaches. Now, there is one

Teacher who *spoke and it was done*. But even what He did silently is worthy of the Father. He who has made the words of Jesus really his own is able also to hear his silence. Thus he will be perfect: He will act through his speech and be understood through his silence. Nothing is hidden from the Lord; no, even our secrets reach Him. Let us, then, do all things in the conviction that He dwells in us. Thus we shall be his temples and He will be our God within us. And this is the truth, and it will be made manifest before our eyes. Let us, then, love Him as He deserves. . . .

20. If Jesus Christ, yielding to your prayer, grants me the favor and it is his will, I shall, in the subsequent letter which I intend to write to you, still further explain the dispensation which I have here only touched upon, regarding the New Man Jesus Christ—a dispensation founded on faith in Him and love for Him, on his Passion and Resurrection. I will do so especially if the Lord should reveal to me that you—

the entire community of you!—are in the habit, through grace derived from the Name, of meeting in common, animated by one faith and in union with Jesus Christ—who *in the flesh was of the line of David*, the Son of Man and the Son of God—of meeting, I say, to show obedience with undivided mind to the bishop and the presbytery, and to break the same Bread, which is the medicine of immortality, the antidote against death, and everlasting life in Jesus Christ.

21. I offer my life as a ransom for you and for those whom for the Glory of God you sent to Smyrna, where, too, I am writing to you with thanks to the Lord and with love for Polycarp and you. Remember me, as may Jesus Christ remember you! Pray for the Church in Syria, whence I am being led away in chains to Rome, though I am the least of the faithful there. But then, I was granted the favor of contributing to the honor of God. Farewell! May God the Father and Jesus Christ, *our common hope*, bless you!

DESIGN FOR LIVING

A psychologist was giving an intelligence test to a group of eight-year-olds. He took a map of the world from a picture magazine, tore it into tiny pieces, and handed the pieces to one of the boys. "Let's see you put these together properly," he said.

The lad studied the pieces. Then he quickly assembled the map without a flaw. "Wonderful!" exclaimed the psychologist. "How did you do it so fast?"

"Well," said the boy, "there was a big picture of a man on the other side. If you get that man straightened out, the world will come out all right."

T. and J. Gootée.



*New York Newspaper
Reveals Startling
Vitamin Price Facts—
Learn How You
Can Save On*

Vitamins

Recently, a leading New York evening newspaper published a public service study of Patent Medicines. The VITAMIN installment uncovered the wide variance in the prices of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

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By Philip K. Hastings
Condensed from the
"New York Times Magazine"*

How will the women vote?

They will outnumber the men by 2 million at the polls next November!

JUST 40 YEARS AGO 27 million American women at long last gained the right to vote. Yet it is estimated that in the Harding-Cox presidential election of that year, only about one-quarter of the eligible females cast their ballots.

But women will probably outnumber men at the polling booths this November, possibly by as many as 2 million. This shift is explained partly by the fact that the female population of the U.S. has consistently been growing more rapidly than the male. But more important, as we know from political surveys taken during the past two decades, the percentage of women who vote has been steadily increasing.

What are the voting habits of the American female? There can be no definite answer, but strong clues have been provided by the surveys.

1. *They generally are ill informed about political facts.* When tested on political questions, women have re-



peatedly scored lower than men. A substantially lower proportion are able to answer correctly such questions as the amount of a Congressman's salary, the number of years in the term of a member of the House of Representatives, or the name of even one Republican or Democratic party leader in their own community.

There is little indication that organized political pressure groups are having much success either in informing or in swaying female voters. Most women seem to be unaware of the existence of such groups as the Committee on Political Education, Americans for Democratic Action, and the Committee for a More Effective Congress. Even the League of Women Voters is known to less than 10% of the adult female population.

Just before the 1952 election, 60% of potential women voters surveyed

*Times Square, New York City. June 12, 1960. © 1960 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

admitted having given little or no thought to the forthcoming presidential contest. Less than half of the men interviewed would admit to such ignorance.

Yet, while women's level of political information has remained substantially lower than that of men, their increased voting activity suggests a growing concern with politics. Perhaps this apparent paradox is best explained by their increasing interest in the candidates as individuals rather than in their stands on campaign issues. When questioned about the farm problem as a political issue, one housewife responded, "I really don't understand the whole thing, but I know that Eisenhower can handle it."

2. *Despite that relative lack of information, women voters think for themselves.* If it was ever true that American women generally borrow their politics from their menfolk, it is true no longer. When questioned directly on this point, between 70 and 80% of married women voters (about two-thirds of the total) deny that they are swayed by their husbands' political preferences. And surveys have also revealed that many of their special voting attitudes are shared by single women.

Most housewives readily admit discussing politics with their husbands, but as one female voter put it, "We frequently cancel each other's votes on election day." Clearly, women who name their husbands as among those with whom they discuss

political matters do not, as one observer has pointed out, "necessarily regard what their husbands tell them as having influence on them; rather they may look upon such talk as conversation between equals, which, in fact, it may be."

Mrs. Katie Louchheim, Democratic National committeewoman, goes one step farther in suggesting that "the discreet wife, if she is at all clever, will not say that it was she who influenced her husband, but rather will go around saying, 'I voted the way my husband did.' And a great many women do this even though it is they who have influenced their husbands."

3. *Women tend to distrust the organized political world.* During the past 20 years, the number of women voters who reject the "party reason" as an explanation of their votes has been steadily increasing. In explaining why she had voted for John Heselton (formerly the Republican Representative from Massachusetts' 1st Congressional District) one usually Democratic female voter said, "I like the way Heselton has voted; he takes a stand on issues without regard to politics."

Women consider party loyalties, group identification, and the institutional trappings of our political system to be necessary evils at best. The favorable image of a candidate can be seriously impaired if women see behind him the hand of the professional politician.

Women's cynical view of politics

extends to government itself. Many consider it inefficient and often corrupt. They give it a low rating as a career for either themselves or their children.

4. *Women are interested in the candidate as a person.* Women consistently cite as important to them the candidate's age (preferably under 50), formal education (a college degree), status as a family man, and religious interests and practices. When queried, women voters are likely to emphasize the Presidential candidates' "character, personality, ability to inspire confidence, dexterity in handling politicians, intelligence." By comparison, men surveyed in 1956 stressed Eisenhower's and Stevenson's "political experience, foreign-policy program, solutions to the farm problem, views on taxation, handling of labor questions."

When asked why women place importance on such personal factors as being a family man, Mrs. Clare B. Williams, assistant chairman of the Republican National committee, said, "Women aren't going to gamble on their elected officials. They want to feel that this person is stable, he's steady, he is respectable, he has integrity, he is an upstanding citizen of his community—and he is recognized as such if he is a family man."

How a candidate conducts his campaign and the people with whom he associates are both more important to women than to men. The Truman whistle stops and the Kennedy tea parties are examples of

the kind of face-to-face contact that has special appeal to women.

The woman voter's highly developed sense of individualism may have some connection with the fact that most candidates, and all serious Presidential aspirants, are men. The analogy between choosing a candidate and choosing a mate can be strained, but there is probably more than coincidence in the attributes taken seriously by women in both cases. They want to be wooed, not persuaded.

5. *Women are less interested in foreign than in domestic affairs.* Since the 2nd World War women have typically reacted more negatively than men toward any extension of our international involvement. When asked whether they thought it a good idea for this country to take the lead in trying to keep the peace by aiding other countries through the Marshall Plan and rearmament programs, approximately one-third of the women who answered thought it a bad idea or were in doubt about it. (Only one-quarter of the men queried felt the same way.)

At the same time, however, surveys have shown repeatedly that women are more worried than men about the threat of war.

Women are less informed than men about America's space exploration efforts. One study showed that 12% fewer women than men had heard about our space program, and of these almost half either disapproved or questioned the wisdom of

government spending for this purpose. One-third of the men had similar doubts.

6. *Women have a conservative bent.* When they do express an interest in issues rather than candidates, women tend to emphasize those that are conservative favorites, such as excessive government spending for social welfare, too much federal control of private enterprise, abuse of the 5th Amendment, unethical practices of organized labor. Not all women are Republicans, of course, but more of them favor the G. O. P. than do men.

One female voter put it this way. "I just feel safer with the Republicans and I just feel that I wouldn't be too sure of what the Democratic party might do. I have such a great respect for Eisenhower and his policies that I have confidence in what he does. I don't question it. I think he's conservative and I sort of like it that way."

Since 1936, when about 40% of the women's vote went to Alf Landon, women's preference for Republican presidential candidates has steadily increased, reaching a ratio of three out of five in 1956. Consistent with this trend, 5% more women than men voted the Republican ticket in the 1954 Congressional election. Today most surveys show about 4% more females than males preferring the Republican party.

What will these differences come to mean as American women's voting power increases?

First, the political party, even as an identification symbol, will probably become much less important. More emphasis on candidates and less on party platforms and political philosophies will be needed to attract the critical female vote. The personal attributes known to be attractive to women will be kept in mind by party leaders.

There seems to be a parallel between the growing number of female voters and the declining fortunes of big-city political machines. The next two decades may well bring the virtual elimination of the powerful behind-the-scenes political organizations which have for so long played an important role on the American scene.

Second, women's reservations about our international commitments may become a serious drag on this nation's role as leader of the free world. Democrats who persist in tagging the Republican party as isolationist may be handing a segment of the female vote to the G.O.P. Politicians with an eye on the increase in women voters may come to temper their stands on international questions. The net effect could be a changing national posture in the direction of isolationism.

Third, an increasing number of women will seek elective office. The trend has already begun, especially in state and local government. Even at the federal level, the number of women Representatives has quadrupled since 1940.

As Margaret Chase Smith, at present the only female member of the Senate, sees it, "The incentive and the attraction of more women to higher public office should stem from the fundamental fact that women are the governors of the home, and our community governments are no more than a federation of individual home governments."

She predicts "a definite inescapable future in politics for women," and argues that "it is only a question of time, only a matter of how long the men oppose women holding public office and, more important, how long the women themselves are guilt-

ty of such political inertia as not to overcome the opposition of men."

Fourth, women's conservative political bent may well serve as a decisive force restraining further development of the liberal wing of the Republican party, and bolstering the strength of conservative Democrats. This trend bodes ill for those who favor such measures as increased federal aid to education, or government-supported medical care.

No longer can political scientists or practical politicians dismiss women voters as a relatively unimportant electoral minority or as carbon copies of men voters.

IN OUR HOUSE

My dad is a professor of social science in a college. He was asked to give a speech at a college activity. So he would go around the house practicing his speech. One night my mother got pretty sore at us kids about our tossed-up room. She bawled us out good for several minutes. Everything was awfully quiet for a while; then my six-year-old brother asked, "Mom, why does dad have to practice his speeches, while you don't?"

Carl Dellasega.

A guest at our house was making the usual inquiry of our two little boys: what were they going to be when they grew up?

Bill, age six, responded, "A doctor." Tommy, seven, declared, "Not me! That's all right while you're living, but remember, there's no sickness in heaven!"

Mrs. William J. McBride.

A kindly old lady was trying to console a heartbroken youngster. Unable to determine the cause of his anguish, she just tried to stop his crying.

"Oh, come on now," she soothed, "I wouldn't cry like that if I were you."

"I don't care how anybody else cries," he sobbed. "I wanna cry my own way."

Robert Jones.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Maury and Jack

Two of America's great basketball stars, one Negro, one white, show what friendship means

IN A PLANE flying through the black skies of Ohio two and a half years ago, the world suddenly caved in on Maurice Stokes, one of America's best-known basketball stars. In one hour, the tall Negro turned from a happy-go-lucky athlete into a helpless paralytic, a hair-breadth away from death.

He and his team, the Cincinnati Royals, had boarded the plane at Detroit on March 15, 1958, for the flight home after a series of games. Stokes felt ill, but shrugged it off as an upset stomach.

His trouble had begun three nights before. He had leaped for a rebound in a game against the Minneapolis Lakers, was bumped off balance, and fell, slamming his head against the floor. Revived with smelling salts, he jumped back into the game, and finished the night with 24 points. But the freak blow had done its damage. It caused a slow swelling of the brain.

Now, as the plane soared, Stokes' temperature inexplicably soared with it. Sweat drenched his clothes. He could hardly breathe.

He clutched at his teammate Dick



Ricketts, sitting next to him, and gasped, "Every bone in my body aches. I feel as though I'm going to die." Then he collapsed.

The next 45 minutes were the most fateful of Stokes' life. As a stewardess clamped an oxygen mask over his face, his body stiffened and he slipped alarmingly toward death.

Two Catholic teammates, Jack Twyman and Richie Regan, acted swiftly. Stokes had been educated at a Catholic college, St. Francis, in Loretto, Pa. He had often gone to Sunday Mass with Twyman and Regan on the road and once mentioned that he was thinking of joining the Church. They decided to baptize him. As Stokes lay helpless and unconscious, Regan poured water over his forehead, saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

On landing, Stokes was rushed to a hospital, where doctors cut an

opening in his throat and inserted an air tube directly into his windpipe to prevent suffocation.

For six weeks, Stokes lay in a coma. Then he struggled out of it to make the awful discovery that he was utterly helpless. He could not move a muscle. He could not even say "Hello." Tears welled in his eyes.

But that was the last sign of self-pity ever to escape from Stokes. Teammate Jack Twyman had stepped in to help him through the ordeal. Twyman, a white, and Stokes, a Negro, had both grown up in Pittsburgh, where Twyman made the all-state Catholic high-school team, and Stokes the all-state public-high-school team. They both joined the Royals at the same time, and naturally became friends. Maury had been a frequent visitor at the Twyman home.

Stokes went into the hospital on the last day of the basketball season. When the Royals had gone off to their homes around the country, only Twyman, who lives in Cincinnati, was left in town.

He literally became Stokes' keeper. Since the star's family lived in Pittsburgh and was unable to handle the many complex problems involved, a judge appointed Twyman his legal guardian.

His first job was to find \$9,000 Stokes had in a bank account. He needed it to pay the first of the medical bills. Stokes, in a coma, could not tell him where it was, and his family did not know, either.

It took two days for Twyman to run it down. Then, with a lawyer friend who donated his services, Twyman successfully appealed to the state for workmen's compensation to cover most of the cost of Stokes' treatment, then running to more than \$100 a day.

In the hospital, Stokes lay paralyzed, balanced between life and death. His weight plunged from 275 to a little over 160. He had such a network of tubes leading to his nostrils, mouth, and throat that a friend later told him he looked like a telephone switchboard.

Attendants fed him intravenously, pumped blood transfusions into him, and gave him antibiotics, vitamins, and drugs. While his mother and a sister hovered by his bedside and he fought tenaciously for his life, the hospital chaplain gave him the last rites.

But Stokes pulled through. "Only his superb physical shape and his great determination to hang on saved Maurie," said the Royals' team physician, Dr. Ben Hawkins, who is directing Stokes' rehabilitation without fee.

For the day that Stokes would emerge from the hospital and be obliged to pay all therapy bills himself, Twyman launched a fund-raising campaign. To date, he has more than \$45,000.

"But when Maurie comes out that will only be a drop in the bucket, his expenses are so heavy," says Twyman, who won't rest until he has

doubled that sum. Basketball fans all around the nation who had cheered Stokes on the court rallied to him in his trial. Letters and telegrams with get-well-soon messages and cash flowed in by the sackful. At last count, postmen had delivered more than 50,000 pieces of mail to the hospital and Twyman's home.

One anonymous donor wrote to Twyman, "Where but in America would I, a Jew, send money to you, a Catholic, to help a Negro?"

Children barely able to write taped pennies onto cardboard and sent them to the Stokes fund. A Christian Brother mailed his \$15 Christmas allowance, which normally might have been used for socks and shaving cream.

An Altoona, Pa., tomato-sauce manufacturer donated 1,000 cases of his product. Twyman hawked them round Cincinnati to raise nearly \$5,000.

Twyman's most successful dollar raisers were three benefit basketball games held in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and the Catskill mountains. A double-header in Cincinnati became America's most publicized benefit match in 20 years, and added \$10,000 to the fund.

Night after night, assisted by his vivacious wife, Carole, Twyman goes through stacks of mail, personally acknowledging each gift. The mail is being carefully stored, for Stokes has vowed to answer every piece when he is able.

When the swelling in Stokes'

brain began to subside, he slowly regained consciousness and beat back the initial shock. One of the first things he did was to call in Father John Campbell, of De Porres High school, to instruct him in the faith. The school is in Cincinnati's slum area. Priest and player had met each other a year previously when Stokes volunteered to visit the school and talk to the boys.

The first few months were torture for the big hoop star. Till then, he had hardly spent a day in bed. Proud and independent, he suddenly found himself as helpless as a baby. He had to learn all over again the most elementary necessities, such as learning to swallow and chew.

After four months, he began therapy. Every morning he undergoes excruciating exercises to bend straight joints and loosen stubborn muscles. The pain is such that it drives sweat from every pore of his body. But hour by hour he comes back for more.

Says Stokes, "I've played a lot of tough basketball over the years; but I've never had to dig in as much as I do with these exercises. I figure this is a competition, too, except I've got to win this at all costs."

After lunch, Stokes begins his walking exercises between parallel bars. It takes him almost two hours to walk 25 yards. Progress is almost unbearably slow.

Back in bed, he still keeps working. He does pull-ups on an exercise bar over his seven-foot bed. At the

side is a typewriter which he pecks at for hours, forcing his reluctant fingers to obey the commands of his brain.

His big hands open and close dozens of times daily over rubber balls. It takes him almost five minutes to close his hand in a handshake. But once accomplished, his grip is as tight as that of older days.

After supper, his speech therapy begins. "You can't realize how complicated talking is until you have to learn it from the ground up," he says.

Therapists have had to show him how to form his lips to say certain letters. They shaped his mouth to match theirs. They made him blow out matches to increase his diaphragm control. They gave him tongue exercises to give him the "feel" and sound of speech.

The problem of communication was solved by one of his nurses, Lilian Sampler. A visitor, like Twyman, first checks with Stokes whether the letters of the words he wants to spell are in the first or second part of the alphabet. Then Twyman reels off each letter until he hits the right one, when Stokes nods his head.

It seems a laborious way of making conversation, but with practice, talk can flow surprisingly quickly. Often, Twyman needs only a couple of letters to be able to guess the rest of the word. And often two words are enough for him to know what the sentence will be.

This system brought Stokes one of his most touching letters. A mother

in Massachusetts wrote that two years ago she and two daughters had been involved in an automobile accident. One daughter died of injuries; the other was completely paralyzed like Stokes.

For two years, she had not been able to communicate in any way with her daughter. "It was heartbreaking," she wrote. "Then I read about your method in a newspaper. We started using it, and it has been a godsend. I cannot tell you how deeply thankful I am."

Twyman deprecates his role in helping Stokes on the way back. "I've just been a co-ordinator," he says. "It has not been hard because everyone wants to help. I've gotten far more out of helping Maurie than I have put in. I have gotten a rare insight into life that many people will never have."

Once, Twyman went into Stokes' room and was astonished to hear his buddy say, through strained lips, "Thanks, Jack." Twyman reacted as he always does when he is with Stokes. He jokes, "Listen to the guy, we'll never be able to shut him up now."

What is Stokes' future? If he continues his present rate of progress, say his doctors, he will be able to leave the hospital within a year. Then, it will probably be another two years before he will be able to earn his own living again.

"Then," Stokes spells out with a grim thrust of his jaw, "I'm going back to basketball."

By Daniel M. Madden
Condensed from "View"

Saving St. Mark's Cathedral

*A great engineer concentrates on keeping
Venice's "Golden Basilica" alive*

ONE SPRING afternoon a few years ago, while tourists were eating lunch around St. Mark's Square in Venice, a stocky man in his 70's clambered up a ladder inside the city's 900-year-old cathedral.

Eighty feet above the marble floor he stepped cautiously onto a make-shift wooden platform. He inched his way to a massive pillar supporting one of the basilica's five Byzantine cupolas.

Like a detective hunting clues, he thoughtfully fingered some of the loose stone. He poked his head into a huge opening. The inspection finished, he adjusted his flat round hat, brushed the dirt from his purple-lined cassock, and backed down the ladder.

On the ground once again, he was addressed by Ferdinando Forlati, chief engineer for the cathedral which holds the body of St. Mark.

"Well, do you believe me now, Your Eminence?" the engineer asked triumphantly.

Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, now Pope John, answered serenely, "I always believed you. I

simply wanted to see for myself."

What he saw had given him the shudders. For the mosaic-lined Golden Basilica, admired by tourists of all nationalities and beliefs, was obviously in bad condition. Cracks were showing up on the vaulted ceiling like wrinkles on the face of an aging but still lovely woman. The score of square, sturdy pillars holding up the cupolas, and the ten others lining the walls, were quietly turning into hollow shells. The stones, gravel, and miscellaneous fill, originally



*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N.Y. June, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

packed into the pillars for strength, were slowly sinking into the oozy ground like an elevator descending as far as it can go.

Water creeping in from Venice's Grand Canal had been stealing away the foundations, molecule by molecule.

The cardinal's visit added years to the life of St. Mark's. Today, progress reports reaching Pope John say that the patient is still on the danger list, but the prognosis is good.

Chief engineer Forlati, the man given the responsibility for keeping St. Mark's alive, was not picked by chance. For 40 years he was superintendent of Venice's monuments.

Yugoslavia's Tito called upon him once to direct repairs on an ancient Byzantine church on the Macedonian coast, St. Sophia of Ochrid. He was a member of the international panel of experts which mapped plans for restoring Christianity's most sacred shrine, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. The Moslems of the Holy Land commissioned him for the mosaic and restoration work on Jerusalem's Dome of the Rock, the third most holy site in Islam.

He is a slight, gray-haired man with merry Italian eyes, who does not let his age interfere with his work. He says that he is "over 70." He apparently admits this only because he retired from his municipal post in 1952, and 70 is the usual retirement age.

He scampers around the basilica

with youthful agility and enthusiasm. One moment he anxiously watches the resetting of a golden mosaic panel; the next he is tapping the wall in some hard-to-reach niche high above the galleries.

Why did he take on the responsibility of St. Mark's? "First," he says, "I love St. Mark's. Second, I like the challenge."

The challenge is unique in history. Over the centuries, islands on the Venetian lagoon have slipped out of sight. The very land on which Venice (and St. Mark's) is built is submerging at the rate of an inch to an inch and a half each decade. A 300-foot-high bell tower less than 50 steps from the basilica crashed in a heap one morning about half a century ago.

In this extraordinary city of wedding-cake palaces sitting on the soggy banks of 200 canals, only the most robust structures have a fighting chance to survive the forces of nature.

The challenge of St. Mark's keeps Signor Forlati and a staff of 35 technicians occupied day after day the year round. Like a prairie brush fire, new signs of danger burst out on the basilica's lacy surface almost as quickly as other spots are brought under control.

It will be several years before Forlati will be ready to pronounce his patient out of danger. At the moment St. Mark's is existing on injections. Liquid cement in an almost continuous stream is being pumped

into the interior of the structure to bring back its former strength.

Priority attention is centered on the pillars. They are huge (seven feet square) and normally could be expected to carry out their supporting role forever. But the 11th-century builders did not make them solid. Instead, following a custom still in vogue in the Middle East (where too much water is never an engineering problem), they shaped the pillars into hollow squares of brick and jammed whatever was handy inside.

Over the centuries the material within the pillars became involved in one long sinking spell as it shifted around for a place to settle. The high pillars, despite the tower-of-strength appearance they paraded before visitors, were more like chimneys which had not been cleaned for years—and were not much stronger, either. The only clue to what was happening inside was the odd bulges which began showing up on the marble facings.

One other construction custom helped speed up the sinking process. The builders, at intervals of a yard or so, had laced wooden beams the size of railroad ties into the pillars. The intention apparently was for these beams to form a support to keep the packing in place.

But sometime along the way, without anyone's being aware of it, the beams stopped serving their purpose. Forlati discovered that some of them had shredded away into dust, and those still in place are as brittle as a

dried-out leaf of Turkish tobacco.

Forlati now has a pretty good idea of the internal condition of each pillar. Even so, much of his work has to be the operation-in-the-dark type of thing. Always he braces himself for the next surprise around the corner.

He and his men worked around the clock not long ago, pushing two tons of cement into a section of a pillar before it gave signs that it had had enough for the time being.

The procedure is careful and patient. The transfusion—half water, half cement—is injected at a low enough pressure so that the pillar will not burst. Yet the pressure must be powerful enough to force the saving mixture through the shifting insides.

It is a slow business. Forty to 60 tons of cement go into each pillar, with the dosages spooned out over many months. Only half of the basilica's central pillars have been repacked so far. The completion rate is two to four a year.

At least three more years of work will be necessary before something really solid is holding up the basilica, and every one can begin breathing easier again.

Restuffing the pillars is only part of the job. Like a motorist changing a slowly leaking tire before it goes flat, Forlati inserts jacks into the pillars. Then he pulls out the splintered beams the way a dentist digs after an impacted wisdom tooth. Fresh bricks replace the dead wood. It is always

one of the basilica's most dangerous moments.

Forlati leaves nothing to chance. Whenever a pillar, wall, or section of floor has undergone his cement-injection treatment, a part of the reinforced area is removed and sent to the University of Padua for laboratory tests. The results have been more than satisfactory. Tests show that the reinforced parts can withstand four times the weight they will ever be called upon to shoulder.

Restoration work is done quietly, without any fuss. Here and there in the basilica a few clusters of workmen can be seen talking in hushed voices as they lead a bright electric light to the next trouble spot on their list and set up their scaffolds.

A special staff of nine technicians tends the 44,000 square feet of mosaics which have made the world call St. Mark's cathedral the Golden Basilica. No one has ever counted the individual cubes of color in the basilica's magnificent mosaic work. But the figure must run high into the millions.

Many of the stones are no bigger than a pencil top. Others are a half inch square. Two thirds of them are tiny pieces of gold leaf coated by a layer of glass.

The shining mosaics picture scenes from the Bible, including the coming of the Redeemer and his passion and death. They show, too, how the body of St. Mark, after he was martyred in Egypt, was brought back to Venice by two sailors who

defied their captain's orders and risked their lives by going ashore at Alexandria in search of it.

Some of this mosaic work has to be temporarily removed so that new bricks can be fitted into sagging walls, ceilings, and arches. Sheets of burlap are pasted against the mosaics to hold them in place while technicians, working from inside the wall, carefully pry away the bricks against which they have been set.

When the shifting pillars and foundations streak the mosaics with ugly gashes, Forlati's mosaic workers expertly fit the pieces together again.

The technique for fastening mosaics to walls and vaulted ceilings has changed little through the centuries. The main difference is in the superior quality of cement and other materials used by Forlati and his colleagues. But the less Forlati has to tamper with the mosaics, the better he likes it. When he can, he leaves them intact and does his structural restoration work from behind the mosaic scenes.

The basilica's chief engineer is intent not only on keeping St. Mark's alive but in preserving its ancient look. When a section of wall must be rebuilt, he puts the new bricks on the inside and uses the still serviceable old bricks for the surface. He does not try to mask the tiny cracks etched into marble columns by time. To him, they are marks of beauty.

Even the bulging slabs of marble on the floor are not exchanged for smooth 20th-century models. That

is the way the floor has looked to generations of visitors, and that, he knows, is the way it should remain.

From the white statue of St. Mark, anchored at the top of the basilica by a mesh of heavy wires, to the water-soaked foundations, every part of St. Mark's is under Forlati's watchful eye.

To him, the cathedral is a lovely treasure in a unique setting. For nine centuries it has been the center of Venetian religious and civic life. It is a storehouse of gold, silver, and elegantly sculptured works of art.

No other church in the world has four life-size horses prancing across its façade. The horses came to St. Mark's from Constantinople as a re-

minder of the part soldiers of the Venetian Republic played in the 4th Crusade. Enemies of Venice in the past boasted that they would one day "bridle" the horses. But they never did.

Who was the basilica's architect? No one knows. Along the wide arch of the central doorway is a bas-relief of a man biting his nails. Tradition identifies him as the builder, and says he had promised to build a perfect cathedral. Later, he worried about whether he had succeeded.

Signor Forlati, nine centuries later, worries sometimes about the effectiveness of his restoration work. But he is nowhere near the nail-biting stage.



IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

- How did the "Catholic issue" ever become a force in American politics? The issue, says Robert Coughlan, had its roots in "political and religious quarrels so removed in time and space as to be part of what a psychologist might call 'the national unconscious.'" Mr. Coughlan's account of anti-Catholicism in the U. S. is condensed from *Life*.
- A three-room flat in a Munich suburb is called "the laboratory of ideas" by the remarkable man who lives there, Msgr. Romano Guardini. Many Americans have been profoundly stirred by Monsignor Guardini's book *The Lord*, which has sold more than 1 million copies. Douglas Auchinchloss gives us a brilliant picture of one of the great minds of the 20th century.
- Some travelers have described Kansas City as the "most typical" U. S. community, blending elements from the North, South, East, and West. Kansas City writer Bob Pearman, in an affectionate portrait of his town, maintains that the place has had a character of its own ever since its tumultuous youth.
- The life of pro football star Johnny Unitas wouldn't make a credible movie script, says Arthur Daley. It would sound like a "daffy conglomeration of Horatio Alger, Cinderella, and Frank Merriwell." The exciting Unitas story is condensed from *Columbia*.

Doughnut Dollies of Korea

*They bring memories of the girl next door
to lonely soldiers far away from home*

FROM THE TROOPSHIP in Inchon, Korea, last winter, a line of young soldiers shuffled forward under their duffle bags. It was raining, and some of them slipped as they moved down the muddy streets, past bleak, war-battered buildings. The surroundings were so depressing that, except to grumble over their bad luck at being assigned to Korea, the men talked little.

As the column rounded a corner, however, the soldiers stopped short. There, looking pert despite fur parkas, heavy wool slacks, and combat boots, were two cute American girls. Set up beside them were huge containers of steaming coffee and trays of fresh doughnuts.

A sergeant swept his arm toward the pair and announced, "Men, you are now looking at the prettiest sight in Korea, the Doughnut Dollies."

The soldiers broke into wide grins. The mood of the whole group changed.

Each of the men seemed to have the same thought: "If *girls* can be stationed here, I can sure take it. Maybe things won't be so bad in Korea after all."

The young ladies were members

of the unique American Red Cross Clubmobile service. With 41 other specially trained clubmobile girls they visit isolated U.S. military units all over Korea to put on programs of informal recreation. The coffee and doughnuts which earned the girls their nickname serve mostly as ice-breakers. They give the shy lad a chance to say "Hi" to a girl from home, one who is like his kid sister or the girl next door.

One such clubmobile girl is Jean Kathleen Neely of North Judson, Ind. Katie was graduated from St. Mary's school in Riverdale, Ill., and later from West Virginia university. One evening she was watching tele-



vision at home when the clubmobile service was mentioned.

Katie inquired about it at her local Red Cross chapter. There she read the basic requirements: "A candidate must be at least 21 years old, have attended college, be in excellent physical condition, and be of top character." Katie applied, and three months later, following a series of interviews, she was accepted.

After a two-week training course, the 23-year-old girl from Indiana stepped into the excitingly different world of Korea. Dressed in regulation army field clothes (tailored down considerably to fit her trim figure) and wearing high, 3½-pound combat boots, Katie and her partner climbed into their truck and rolled out to begin a 12-month tour in Korea.

As their GI driver took the truck over the rugged dirt road that led to the first program stop, Katie saw sights never dreamed of. "I couldn't imagine the poverty of Korea," she recalls. She had no idea of what the army really did, either, and didn't know a top kick from a half track or a BAR from a PX. Before long, however, Katie was used to army jargon, and understood the operations of the many infantry, artillery, air force, and other services on her route.

Each two-girl clubmobile team calls on an average of five outfits a day. At each, they set up their gear in the company day room or mess hall. Their hour-long programs

aren't intended to be polished entertainment. The skits and stunts are like those you'll find at summer camp or at a church party. Their goal is to draw the men out, to get them to relax for a few minutes of good-natured fun that will help relieve the boring routine of training.

One program might be built around an original playlet with the men reading parts from scripts prepared by the girls. A nail-driving contest or a balloon-blowing race goes over where lavish entertainment—even if available—might not.

When the big regimental or division maneuvers take place, the clubmobile girls put away the program materials and take to the field to serve coffee and doughnuts.

"The boys just love to have you ask what they do, and how this cannon works or that machine gun fires," Katie says. Often as not, such interest ends with a practical demonstration. Several times Katie has found herself out clanking around in a tank on an afternoon when a pretty girl back home would be out for a spin in a convertible.

With the clubmobile unit at the 1st Cavalry division is Carolyn Faye Lowit of Troutdale, Ore. Carolyn attended the Academy of the Holy Child in Portland and Stanford university before joining up. Her program stops are made in the critical area behind the DMZ, the demilitarized zone that divides communist North Korea from South Korea.

When Carolyn goes out, she rides

through the pages of Korean-war history—over Freedom bridge, across the Imjin river, and up past Munsan-ni toward the silent no man's land. Here she visits observation posts right on the narrow white-tape mine-field markers of the DMZ. The men in the sand-bagged bunkers delight in letting her peer through the spotting telescopes to watch the communists on the other side.

The clubmobile girls go to one or two parties a week. With the ratio of eligible young men high, dates are easy to come by.

Near the village of Uijongbu, Margaret Ann Bieri of Waterloo, Iowa, attended midnight Mass last Christmas in the simple little chapel in I Corps headquarters. Afterwards she was invited to breakfast at the mess hall which was opened specially for churchgoers. Her escort was a tall, good-looking army pilot, 1st Lt. Terry Wedemeier of Fairbanks, Alaska. He had flown Peg on several clubmobile runs to isolated detachments but this was the first time they could sit down and chat.

In the weeks that followed, Terry dated Peg as much as a fellow can in a front-line unit in Korea. They attended the army's quonset-hut movie, went skating on a frozen rice paddy out behind the air strip, and soon Peg was wearing a pair of silver aviator's wings. When their respective tours in Korea ended this summer, they were married in Tokyo.

The Red Cross Clubmobile service began in Korea in 1953, right

after the truce was signed. The Department of Defense had requested the Red Cross to provide recreational service to troops who would be on duty far from regular recreational centers.

Today the five clubmobile units travel close to 12,000 miles a month, by truck, helicopter, and light plane. The girls visit more than 200 different units, some full infantry companies, and some just four or five men on a lonely radar site atop a jagged peak.

On the road, the girls have to put up with subzero cold, snow, Korea's own brand of mud, and stifling heat and dust in summer. The army does its best to make the girls as comfortable as possible, but they're not pampered. Their rooms are usually in a quonset-hut dormitory occupied by nurses and other female military personnel.

There is no such thing as a clubmobile girl "type." The girls come from all over the country, from different backgrounds; they have distinctive personalities. Yet all have several qualities in common.

Each is self-reliant without being brash. She remains feminine in a man's world without being coy or flirtatious. She can be at ease in new and challenging situations and earn the respect and the friendship of those around her.

For alert, enthusiastic girls like Katie and Peg and Carolyn and all the others, the job in Korea is certainly not easy. But as Katie says,

"It's the most wonderful experience of my life."

And there is no question about how the GI's feel about having the girls around.

Last spring, week-long rains turned the roads in one division's area into a brown sea. The head of the unit called the various outfits scheduled for visits that day and told the first sergeants that the clubmobiles couldn't roll.

The veteran noncom at one company was silent for a moment; then

he had an idea. "What if I send a jeep down, ma'am?" he asked. "We've got a good driver. I know he'd get through."

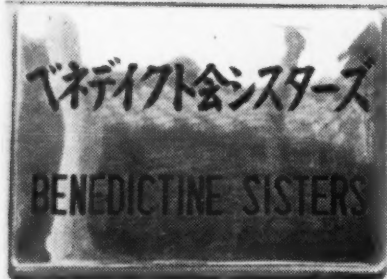
The Red Cross girl thought that was fine, and said she'd have the trays of doughnuts all ready when the vehicle got there. There was no hiding the tone of disappointment in the sergeant's voice.

"Shucks, ma'am," he said. "You know it isn't doughnuts my boys want to see coming up in that there jeep. It's your girls."

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 37)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. yawl (yawl) | f) A small sailboat. |
| 2. buoy (boo'e or boy) | l) A floating object anchored in a body of water to mark a channel. |
| 3. bowline (bow'lin) | a) A nautical knot. |
| 4. tattoo (ta'too') | e) Summoning drum or bugle call to soldiers; any continuous drumming. |
| 5. etching (etch'ing) | g) The art of producing drawings on metal or glass with acid; print made by this process. |
| 6. maulstick (maul'stik) | b) A rod used by artists as a rest for steadying the hand. |
| 7. aardvark (ard'vark) | i) Large burrowing African mammal that feeds on ants and termites. |
| 8. boor (boor) | d) A peasant; rude or clownish person. |
| 9. spoor (spoor) | j) The trail of a wild animal. |
| 10. sluit (sloot) | c) A gorge made by heavy rains in sun baked soil. |
| 11. skipper (skip'er) | h) The captain of a vessel, especially a small ship. |
| 12. isinglass (i'z'n-glass) | k) Semitransparent gelatin prepared from certain fish used to make jellies and glue; mica. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.



by Norman Sklarewitz

"CHINESE COOKING TAUGHT HERE"



Exotic odors waft across convent kitchen as Sisters stir, taste, and cook.

ON A Monday evening not long ago, an old three-story building on a narrow lane in the Azabu district of Tokyo became the center for a sinister-looking gathering.

Small groups of foreigners groped their way down the dark street. Then, following cryptic instructions written on a scrap of paper, they ducked through a small doorway and were ushered by a bowing Japanese girl into the meeting place.

The men and women took their

places on straight-backed wooden chairs. Precisely at 6:30, two nuns entered and called the group to order. There were secrets aplenty revealed that night, but they had nothing to do with international intrigue.

The mysteries here dealt with such mouth-watering delicacies as Lotus Root Sandwich, Loquat Chicken, Mandarin Soup, and Lion's Head, for this was a meeting of the famous Chinese cooking school conducted by two nuns. They are Sister

M. Francetta and Sister M. Regia of the Order of St. Benedict.

In the past eight years they have taught the delights of Oriental cuisine to thousands—wives of GI's and generals, diplomats and businessmen, from a dozen different nations. Their book *The Art of Chinese Cooking* (Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt. \$2) has gone through four printings and the pair is constantly asked to speak to women's groups. The Benedictine Order is dedicated to teaching, but the idea of elevating Chinese cooking to the status of a professional subject belongs to the Sisters. Their unique school is formally organized with three nine-week semesters given each year. Currently they have four classes a week. Upon completion of the full course, each student receives an impressive diploma.

The path that brought Sister

Francetta and Sister Regia to their Tokyo convent covers 30 years, three wars, and considerable personal hardship.

It began when they left their posts at St. Benedict's college in St. Joseph, Minn., and set out for China, where they were to become missionaries at the Catholic University in Peking. The two Minnesota nuns helped found the Women's college at the university and spent five years there before moving on to a mission in Kaifeng, Honan Province. In ordinary times, they probably would have remained in mission work.

But there were not to be ordinary times for China. On July 7, 1937, the Japanese crossed the Marco Polo bridge and war began.

The Sisters remained at the Kaifeng Mission during those desperate days. They were there when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Two hours after word of the bombing was flashed, Japanese soldiers surrounded the mission.

Along with 2,000 other foreigners, the Benedictine Sisters were interned in a Japanese concentration camp. They went from camp to camp as the bitter months of imprisonment dragged on until finally the Allies won.

The Sisters could then have returned home to the U. S. Instead, they hurried back to their mission in North China. It was just about cleaned up and in operation again when violence once more racked China. This time it was civil war.



U.S. army wives learn how to manage unwieldy chopsticks for stirring food.



Sister Francetta displays all-purpose Chinese cooking pan called "wok."



The lesson for rice: keep it light by rinsing it well and steaming it evenly.

The communists were growing in strength in the North. Flight was the only hope.

With many other refugees, the nuns fled southward, first to Shanghai and then, when the country was about to fall, to Formosa.

The authorities feared that the Reds would invade across the Taiwan Straits, so the U.S. consul unceremoniously pushed Sister Regia and Sister Francetta onto the first boat headed for Japan. The two weary nuns reached there in June, 1950.

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart gave them shelter and the Benedictine Fathers helped out, too. "We were really hard up then," remembers Sister Francetta. "The Korean War was on and the American occupation of Japan was still in force."

Then, completely by accident, the Sisters found a new life in, of all places, a kitchen.

One afternoon they whipped up a batch of fudge at St. Anselm's

for some visitors. The women were drinking tea and chatting and the conversation found its way around to the subject of foods in China.

"You must be wonderful cooks," remarked an American friend as she reached for another piece of fudge. Then she stopped short. "Say, maybe you could teach us. We would pay you, of course."

The two Sisters looked at each other. It was true that they knew a lot about Chinese cooking—but mostly from eating. Frankly, neither had any real experience in actually preparing the many dishes they had enjoyed for so many years.

This was no time to worry about details. An opportunity to earn their own way was at hand. The Sisters accepted the kind offer. A time and a place was set for the first lesson and the two hurried home—to learn how to do the things they were supposed to teach!

Both were keenly interested in cooking, and Sister Francetta has



Slice all vegetables thin and cook only until crunchy and firm to the taste.



Her advice for meat: slice it as thin as a thick shoestring to keep it tender.

an M.S. degree in home economics from the University of Minnesota. But college theories were a long way from the practical problems of transforming unwritten Chinese recipes into American measures.

"We tested and we tasted and we chopped and we stirred for hours," Sister Regia remembers, as they worked to put down on paper the form of dishes they had only watched being prepared before.

The first class consisted of just six American women, but it was an immediate success. They told their friends about the school and the word spread. Attendance mushroomed and the number of classes tripled. The tiny kitchen at St. Anselm's no longer was big enough.

A new house was located and the Sisters requested permission from the mother convent back in St. Joseph, Minn., to found their own convent in Tokyo. Even though Sister Fran-cetta and Sister Regia were confident they would support the convent

out of their own efforts, the idea was received coolly.

"Who ever heard of a convent dedicated to pots and pans?" was the feeling. Letters of persuasion and rebuttal flew back and forth across the ocean as the propriety of the plan was debated. But finally the long-awaited word arrived: "Permission to found a convent is hereby granted." The Benedictine Sisters once more had their own home and their own cooking school.

This was in 1952. The Korean War was on, and foods and supplies were difficult to get. However, friends of the Order back home and in the Far East were quick to help out. When someone mentioned that spices were impossible to buy in Japan, the Sisters began receiving huge packages from the States.

Students who were with the U.S. security forces brought other items available only to them. The combination of their help and the enthusiasm of the hard-working Sisters

spelled success. Before long the school had 200 students a week, and over the years the attendance has remained high even though it has never been advertised or promoted in any way commercially.

Most of the students today are wives of U.S. servicemen who are stationed in the Tokyo area, but wives of foreign embassy members and businessmen also add a cosmopolitan touch to the school. A number of men attend the one weekly evening class. One young soldier furiously took notes on everything the Sisters said in class and collected every recipe he could. He had a very good reason for being so interested. When he completed his military service he planned to open a Chinese restaurant in Michigan.

It isn't unusual to see a big army or navy bus pull up in front of the convent to unload an entire group of women from one base. Some pupils travel nearly two hours by train to attend the convent's school. What they get in the two-hour class is a practical demonstration of Chinese cooking spiced with the witty and warm personality of the two Sisters.

Sister Francetta is the narrator while Sister Regia is her "straight man." Their light banter is admittedly as much fun as the food is good.

"Add a tablespoon and a fast shake . . ." is a typical Sister Francetta quip, as is the direction, "Bring your rice to a steady 'glub . . . glub.'"

Many thousands of American

wives who haven't had the chance to attend their school have heard the Sisters as luncheon speakers, for over the years the two have visited every U.S. installation in the entire area as special guests.

Except for the recitation of grace before the class meal, religion as such is never mentioned in the school. Just the same, from their contact with the nuns in the cooking school, two American women have become Catholics. The convent has no novices, however, and does not actively proselytize.

Its distinctive role as a medium for positive public relations was given special recognition by the Apostolic Internuncio, His Excellency Msgr. Maximilian de Furstenberg, when he left Tokyo for Rome last fall. He requested that the Benedictine Sisters be permitted to continue their good work in reaching the public through their course of education.

The majority of students attending the convent school had never talked to a nun before enrolling. Some were afraid to attend for fear there would be religious teachings interspersed with the chow mein and spring rolls.

After the first lesson of one semester, a woman timidly came forward and put out her hand to Sister Francetta.

"You know," she said. "I never knew that nuns laughed and joked and had so much fun as you did here today. Thank you for that lesson, too."

4 lessons from tokyo for you:

Suan T'ien Niu Jou Po Lo La Tzu

SWEET-SOUR BEEF BALLS WITH PINEAPPLE AND PEPPERS

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 3 large green peppers, each cut in 12 to 15 strips | 1 cup pineapple juice |
| 1 lb. ground beef | 4 slices pineapple cut in pieces |
| 1 egg | 1 tbsp. soy sauce |
| 4 tbsp. cornstarch | 3 tbsp. vinegar |
| 2 tbsp. onion, chopped fine | 6 tbsp. water |
| Few grains pepper | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar |
| | 1 tbsp. oil |

Mix beef, egg, 1 tbsp. cornstarch, salt, onion, and pepper; form into 18 balls or more. Brown them in a small amount of oil; drain. To 1 tbsp. oil add pineapple juice and cook over low heat a few minutes. Add mixture of 3 tbsp. cornstarch, soy sauce, vinegar, water, and sugar. Cook until juice thickens, stirring constantly.* Add meat balls, pineapple, and peppers; heat thoroughly. Serve hot. Serves 6 to 8.

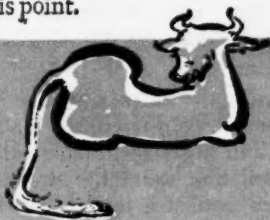
* May be made in advance to this point.

Niu Jou Ch'ao La Tzu BEEF WITH PEPPERS

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 lb. beef cut in small thin pieces | Pepper to taste |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. oil | 1 cup soup stock |
| 1 clove garlic crushed (optional) | 1 cup green peppers, sliced lengthwise |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. fresh ginger chopped fine | 2 tbsp. cornstarch |
| | 1 tbsp. soy sauce |
| | 2 tbsp. water |

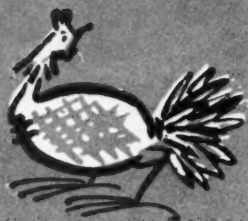
Heat pan, add oil and garlic. When garlic turns brown, remove. Add beef and fry a few minutes. Season with pepper. Add soup stock and continue to cook a few seconds.* Add mixture of cornstarch, soy sauce, and water. Cook until sauce thickens. Add peppers and ginger. Heat thoroughly and serve hot. Serves 4 to 6.

* May be made in advance to this point.



To the students' delight, Sisters leaven cooking lessons with wit and humor.





Ho T'ao Chi Ting WALNUT CHICKEN

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 lb. uncooked chicken meat cut in cubes | 1 cup celery |
| 3/4 tsp. salt | 1 cup onions |
| 2 tbsp. cornstarch | 8 water chestnuts |
| 3 tbsp. soy sauce | 1/4 cup soup stock |
| 2 tbsp. wine | 1/2 lb. (2 cups) walnut meats* or almonds, blanched |
| 1 tsp. sugar | 6 tbsp. oil |
| 1 cup bamboo shoots | |

Cube the bamboo shoots, celery, onions, and water chestnuts; sauté them slightly in 3 tbsp. oil. Remove from pan. Brown the nuts slightly in deep fat. Remove and drain.

Dredge the chicken with mixture of salt, cornstarch, soy sauce, wine, and sugar. Heat pan; add 3 tbsp. oil and sauté the dredged chicken until it is tender. To the chicken add soup stock and heat thoroughly.* Add vegetables and walnuts, heat thoroughly and serve hot. Serves 4 to 6.

* May be made in advance to this point.

Special note on walnuts: To remove the bitter flavor of walnuts without blanching, cover them with cold water, bring them to a boil, and boil 3 minutes. Drain immediately.

Suan T'ien Chu Jou SWEET-SOUR PORK OR SPARE RIBS

- 2 lbs. uncooked pork or spare ribs, cut in pieces about 1 inch thick and 2 inches long
- 2 tbsp. soy sauce
- 2 tbsp. cornstarch
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 1 medium cucumber, peeled and sliced (if cucumbers are not available, equivalent amounts of any one of the following may be used: green peppers, bamboo shoots, carrots, crab apples)
- Oil for deep fat frying

Sweet-Sour Sauce

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 3/4 cup sugar | 1/3 cup vinegar |
| 1/4 cup soy sauce | 2/3 cup water |
| 3 tbsp. cornstarch | |

Make sauce in advance. Mix all ingredients and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly.

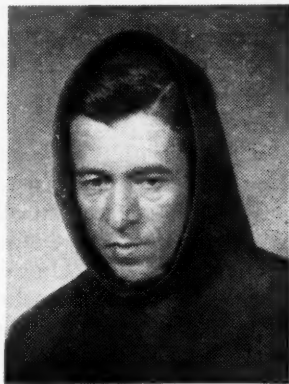
Put meat in kettle. Add 1 cup cold water, boil 20 minutes or until tender. Pour off water, if there is any left. Cool.

While meat is cooling, sauté onion and cucumber for one minute in 2 tbsp. oil. Remove from pan. Now add to the cool pork a mixture of 2 tbsp. soy sauce and 2 tbsp. cornstarch.* Heat deep fat very hot and fry the meat until crisp and brown, remove and drain. Combine meat with hot sweet-sour sauce and vegetables. (More sugar may be added to suit the taste.) Serves 4 to 6.

* May be made in advance to this point.

Poet in a Ghost Town

Fray Angélico Chavez expresses the spirit of a region where most men live in the awareness of God



THE PRIEST in the brown robe who opens the door of St. Joseph's rectory in the ghost town of Cerrillos, N. M., is one of New Mexico's most remarkable sons, but it is difficult, at first, to realize it.

Fray Angélico Chavez, O.F.M., is not physically impressive; he has mild eyes and a pleasant smile. One must visit with him for an hour or more to understand the influence he exerts; to realize why people of all faiths in Santa Fe, Albuquerque, the small towns, and the Indian pueblos ask visitors, "Do you know Father Angélico? Have you read his books?"

The story of Fray Angélico Chavez is one of New Mexico's modern legends. He was born on April 10, 1910, in Wagon Mound, a town on the old Santa Fe trail. The town took its name from a rock formation with a remarkable resemblance to a covered wagon. Where adults have found one striking piece of nature's sculpturing, a small, imaginative boy found many. The hills on his horizon were known as Los Cornudos,

the horned hills. The volcanic rock scattered over the plains assumed odd shapes in sun and shadow, some of them demonic.

Buffalo hunters had rendezvoused at Wagon Mound long before the boy was born, and Apaches and Utes had raided. He walked over ground where U. S. cavalry and Indians had fought. He crouched behind rocks which had sheltered bowmen and riflemen.

Angélico found enchantment on every side: the amazing colors of New Mexico, soft pastel in the evening, brilliant at noon; fantastically shaped buttes, old volcano craters, trails on which brave deeds and savage cruelties had been performed. Over all the hand of God rested. Everyone the boy knew lived in the awareness of God.

His community was centered in the Church. The local priest often pointed out that this land was like

that in which their Saviour had lived a life much like their own, humble and filled with toil. Angélico, a carpenter's son, responded emotionally to the fact that he was privileged to learn the craft that Jesus learned.

Fabian Chavez, Angélico's father, was a poor man with ten children to support. But his home contained many books. Angélico read all the books, including a prized encyclopedia, from cover to cover. He went to school in Mora from 1917, when he was six, until 1924, studying under the Sisters of Loretto.

Mora, for an imaginative boy, was an exciting place, the scene of many battles. It was set amid the scenic grandeur of mountain and plain, adjacent to cattle ranches and to Indian pueblos. The tradition of French trappers remained in the town which had been named by them *L'eau des Morts* (water of the dead) because they had discovered human bones in the stream which flows there. The town had known the legendary Ceron St. Vrain and Kit Carson. The schoolyard had a linden tree which had been brought there from France by Father Guérin, a French missionary.

New Mexico was a territory when Angélico was born in 1910. It did not become a state until 1912, the 47th admitted to the Union. Angélico knew its history. The Spaniards had come to it in 1529, before the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock were born, and it had its first colony in 1598 while those Pil-

grims were still living in England.

His own ancestor, Don Pedro Durán y Chaves, a captain of royal troops, had come to Taos pueblo, no great distance from Wagon Mound and Mora, in 1613. With the swagging conquistadors had come the humble men in the brown robes: chaplains, missionaries, martyrs. The Franciscan image was written upon the land. A composite image of the Franciscan missionary was the boy's hero.

At 14, Angélico applied for admission to the Franciscan Order. His decision took him far from all that was familiar and loved. He made the long journey from New Mexico to St. Francis seminary, Mount Healthy, Ohio, near Cincinnati. It was a harsher climate than he had known; his surroundings were austere.

The boy from New Mexico was homesick. Then a great influence entered his life. Father Reginald, a Pole who, like Joseph Conrad, had mastered the English tongue and learned to love it, was professor of English at the seminary. He was attracted to Angélico, who had grown up bilingual and whose beautiful English was enriched by Spanish imagery. Father Reginald encouraged the lad to exorcise his homesickness through poetry. He had an apt pupil.

At 15, Angélico was writing verse and book reviews for the *Brown and White*, the seminary magazine. While still in high school, he had

poems accepted by *America* and the *Commonweal*. A poem he wrote for *America* when he was 17 was later included in an anthology edited by Alfred Noyes.

Fires of genius burned in the young Franciscan student, but there was a stronger fire. He was not very tall, this thin boy with dark eyes and strong Spanish features, but his imagination still walked tall and untiring over the long trails of his homeland.

The poetry of the young Angélico was often profound, sometimes simple to the point of what he terms "doggerel." Devotion to the Blessed Virgin inspired some of his most complex poetry and some of the simplest, such as:

*Blest is that generation still
Which finds her dear, immaculate
Be it in Schubert's melody
Or in the eyes of Bernadette.*

He came from a people who enjoy laughter, and he had a lively sense of the grotesque. Christmas in the big cities of the Middle West, in such marked contrast to the quiet, devout Christmas of Wagon Mound, suggested a poem to St. Nicholas, the inspiration of the Santa Claus legend. With nice irony, he titled it *To a Bishop Unfrocked*. One stanza runs:

*The sects are loading him with
chores
To make the nickels ring*

*And they who own department
stores
Enshrine a graven thing.*

He completed his studies at Mount Healthy in 1929 and entered the novitiate. He was given his Religious name of Fra Angélico. (Later, he adopted the Spanish form *Fray*.) He continued his studies at Duns Scotus college in Detroit and in the Franciscan House of Studies at Oldenburg, Ind.

On May 6, 1937, he was ordained in the Cathedral of St. Francis in the ancient City of the Holy Faith, Santa Fe, N. M. He then went out to Peñablanca, an Indian mission which included churches at Santo Domingo, Cochiti, and San Felipe.

Peñablanca had been first settled early in the 17th century. It had been the scene of many dramatic events, not the least of which was the supplanting of the Franciscans by Jesuits in 1867. The Franciscans took it back again in 1910, the year that Angélico Chavez was born. Now it was his: the Masses to be said in four churches, the Indian souls to be shepherded, and many other duties great and small.

Years later, when asked by a student at the Newman Center in Albuquerque how he had launched his writing career, Fray Angélico took a modest short cut.

"On my first mission," he said, "I was the postmaster. It was not a busy post office, so I had time to write." His poetry appeared in a long list of

magazines, his essays and studies of New Mexican life and history in quarterlies.

His mission churches needed repairs. He had not forgotten the skills he learned as a carpenter's son. He carried out ambitious restoration plans with his own hands; painting, carpentry, refacing of old adobe. The interiors, long neglected, challenged another artistic talent which he had developed in the seminary. He painted stations of the cross and murals depicting Biblical scenes. He used his parishioners as models for all the characters except Christ.

"They liked that," he says, "and it made them, I believe, more devout."

His painting has long been admired in New Mexico, but he has never placed much value on it. Except for a few paintings in private possession, his work remains in the churches that were once his charge. "In missions," he says, "painting is a form of preaching."

New Mexico contributed heavily in manpower to the armed services in the 2nd World War, particularly to the infantry. Father Chavez was concerned about the young Spanish-Americans and Indians in the service. He applied for a commission as chaplain with the infantry, expressing a desire to serve his own people.

He spoke Spanish, Italian, and German fluently, and he had a sound reading knowledge of French. So the army, in its inscrutable wisdom, assigned him to the 77th New York regiment and sent him to the Pacific.

Fray Angélico won an arrowhead and two battle stars for service at Guam and Leyte. He had little opportunity to use his gift of tongues until he returned to the U.S. at the end of hostilities. He then preached to Italian and German prisoners of war and heard their Confessions. He continued to write in the Pacific area, however. Many of the poems in his book *Eleven Lady Lyrics and Other Poems* were composed in the field.

With the war's end, he went back to his missions, but his mind found another quest.

A lovely little statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Cathedral of St. Francis in Santa Fe is carried in procession through the streets once a year. It is called *La Conquistadora*. Legend said that it came to Santa Fe when the town was founded in 1609, that it accompanied the fleeing Spaniards during the Indian revolt of 1680, and that it returned in triumph with De Vargas in 1692.

Fray Angélico was certain that the true story would be more thrilling than the legends. He embarked on a search through diaries, letters, and other personal records. He found his surmise about the statue true: it did have a more dramatic history than any one had realized. In 1948, his book *Our Lady of the Conquest* was published by the Historical Society of New Mexico and was acclaimed by historians and antiquarians.

He then discovered that he had in his notes the basis for a book that had never been attempted: an account

of the Spanish families of New Mexico, their origins in Spain, and their history in the New World. This work was to absorb him for many years.

They were not uninterrupted years. Father Chavez had remained in the military reserve, and he was called back by the army on the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950. Since he had served in the Pacific, and since the New Mexico National Guard, absorbed again into the army, was being sent there, he had no doubt of his destination. The army once more surprised him. He was sent to Germany.

This proved a happy assignment for a man who loved history. He saved his leave time so that he could spend a month in Spain to extend his research on New Mexico families. In Valverde de Llerena in Estremadura, near the border of Portugal, he read the ancient parish registers and visited the churchyard where his own ancestors were buried.

The missions of New Mexico claimed Fray Angélico again when he was released from service. His *New Mexican Triptych* (1940) had recreated old legends, and now a new volume, *From an Altar Screen* (1957), created new legends: short stories filled with humor, beauty, and memorable characters. Paul Horgan said that this book has "a whole bundle of virtues—original vision, great charm, true humanity, and a sort of droll wisdom quite fresh in contemporary writing."

One day a letter with an impressive seal reached Fray Angélico from Spain. It was written by the Duchess of Noblejas, Doña Maria Flora de Chavez, who addressed him as "Dear Cousin." She had read his poetry and had ordered his books as they appeared. She was proud, she told him, to claim kinship.

He answered that he was a poor Franciscan and not related to anyone with noble blood. He informed her that his ancestors had left Spain for the hardships of the New World, not because they were well-born and comfortable, but because they were poor. He had visited the town of his ancestors in Spain, and had found that while they were good people who had left their records in the parish register, they had not been noblemen.

"It was a 'sassy' letter," he says now. The duchess, however, was delighted with it. She cabled that she was flying to America to meet him, accompanied by her sister, Doña Pilar de Chavez of Brussels.

Santa Fe was thrilled by the visit of the two titled ladies. The plane was met by reporters and photographers, as well as by the priest. In response to the question, "Why did you come to Santa Fe?" the duchess replied, "I am visiting my cousin, Fray Angélico."

Doña Maria Flora declined invitations from social leaders of Santa Fe. She and her sister dined with "Cousin Angélico" at the home of his parents.

In July, 1959, Fray Angélico's parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, a far greater event to him than the visit of the noble ladies. Their ten children, six boys and four girls, were present with their families for the dinner. The carpenter of Wagon Mound and his wife had never lost a child. Fray Angélico's anniversary gift was the dedication "to my dear parents on their golden wedding" of his beautiful book *The Virgin of Port Lligat*. This volume contains a poem and commentary inspired by the Salvador Dali painting from which it takes its title.

Fray Angélico is working now on repairs to the church in Cerrillos, which has been his for only a few months. Cerrillos was a flourishing community when the mines were operating. Before the 2nd World War it had a population of 765 and the neighboring town of Madrid had

1,116. Now only one family remains in Madrid; the main street of Cerrillos is lined with deserted stores and saloons.

One looks at the quiet man behind the desk and wonders aloud, "Father, why are you here? Why do you spend your life in these forlorn towns, preaching to poverty-stricken people in churches that you must keep in repair with your own hands, that you cannot afford to heat in cold weather? Cannot some arrangement be made that will permit you time for study, research, and the tranquility out of which poetry comes to being?"

Fray Angélico Chavez draws on his pipe and his eyes smile. "Many people have said that," he replies. "Don't you see? I am a missionary, and this is mission territory. My real work is here. All else, you understand, is incidental."

SIGN LANGUAGE

"You're losing your hair, sir," said the barber to the customer. "Would you like to try our hair restorer?"

"Why don't you try it yourself?" retorted the patron. "You're balder than I am."

"I know that," said the barber serenely. "But, as I was about to point out, I represent BEFORE. My brother, at the next chair, represents AFTER."

F. G. Kernan.

A vacationer offered a ride to a bearded, beret-wearing hitchhiker at a busy highway intersection. As the beatnik climbed into the car, the driver, scanning the side roads, asked if anything was approaching from behind.

"Like nothing but a dog, man," was the reply.

Regaining consciousness in a hospital, the driver saw the beatnik in the next bed. "I thought you said there was nothing behind us but a dog," he cried.

"Like Greyhound, man," said the beatnik.

Edmund W. Straw.

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'Gamest Man in the World'

The story of Fred Hartman's dog-sled race from Winnipeg to St. Paul reads like an epic

THE SLED TIPPED OVER. The dogs were fighting to break out of their tangled harnesses. Fred Hartman then realized that he had fallen asleep on his feet. The prairie blizzard had blanketed out the stars, and only darkness and driving snow surrounded him.

He was a slender, 28-year-old Bostonian, stumbling somewhere near Grand Forks, N. Dak., in last place in the 522-mile Red River International Dog Derby. It was billed in 1917 as the world's longest dog race.

Fred would freeze to death if he didn't find the town soon. The wind lashed his frostbitten face as he whipped the dogs back into line. They wanted to burrow into the snowdrifts and rest, after ten hours of fighting shoulder-deep snow and 30°-below cold. Fred was scared. He was a greenhorn, all right; perhaps

he didn't have any business in this endurance contest down the Old Pembina trail against Indians from Hudson bay and Icelandic fishermen from Lake Winnipeg. Maybe the storekeeper in Winnipeg had been right.

"Fred," the storekeeper had said, "you're too small; your dogs are too small; you don't have the instinct that comes from a life up here to buck snow and cold. Let the trappers and fishermen fight it out."

But here he was, only four grueling days out of Winnipeg and still some 350 miles from the finish line at St. Paul, Minn. He prayed for a miracle, just to survive the night. The storm subsided. Then he saw the fires, giant bonfires that had been built on the outskirts of Grand Forks the night of Jan. 29, 1917, in the hope of bringing him safely in. He was five hours overdue, lost after a



blizzard had obliterated the tracks of his pace-setting rivals.

A cheering crowd met him. Eager hands lifted him up, and carried him to a hotel. Other men stabled his dogs. "Make way for the gamest of them all," shouted a man.

The Northwest was reading about Hartman and beginning to take pride in him. For he'd had tough luck from the beginning.

The first day out of Winnipeg he had lost his lead dog, Cub. The animal was killed in a pack fight near St. Agathe, Manitoba. "A team without a leader," he told a derby judge, "is like a car without a steering wheel." But he started the next day with his four remaining dogs, the minimum a racer had to finish with.

Hartman soon learned that his four small dogs couldn't pull him in heavy snow and still stay within striking distance of his experienced competitors with five and six dogs. So he started running.

At Grafton, N. Dak., a schoolteacher, Beatrice Ward, had stopped him in the snow-covered street and given him an American flag. "We admire your pluck," she said.

Three entries from Lake Winnipeg quit because of sickness and injuries to their dogs. But Hartman kept on, each day falling a little farther behind the four Hudson bay teams. People in the North country wondered why he continued.

That night in Grand Forks, relaxing in the warmth of a hotel room, Hartman knew he couldn't win un-

less he spent more hours on the trail than his rivals and unless he ran all the way.

"I'll do it," he said to himself, and fell asleep. It was the last time during the race that he rested more than four consecutive hours.

Hartman stuck to his speedup. He traveled five hours and rested one, and when exhausted he slept four hours. The strenuous schedule slowly brought him closer to the leader. The iced snow along the Great Northern railway tracks, which paralleled the Old Pembina trail, cut the dogs' paws. He put moccasins on them. As he made the broad southeast turn out of North Dakota into Minnesota, his popularity grew. He was always surprised at the numbers who turned out in small towns to wish him well as he stopped for tea and eggs and his dogs ate frozen whitefish. He had not seen the newspapers.

The seventh day he arrived at Fergus Falls, Minn., at 6:20 P.M., 11 miles behind the leaders.

"Yes, sir," said the station agent, "glad to see you. The other four are sleeping at Dalton, down the way."

Hartman stopped unharnessing the dogs. "You're sure?" he asked.

"I'm sure," said the station agent. "Now you'd best hurry along with me because the town has prepared a dinner in your honor."

Hartman stared into the darkness. He patted his dogs, set his shoulders straight, and told the station agent, "I'm mushing on." All told, that

running day he went 71 miles, passing the leaders for the first time.

The Midwest press went wild.

"American pluck and ingenuity have outdone the wiles of the Cree and the craft of the fishermen," thundered the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. The press associations filed long stories for national consumption.

The newspapers called him a man of "indomitable will." He was, they said, a "penniless Yankee prospector" who had made the "pluckiest fight of the dog race against almost unheard of ill luck." They made him a hero.

They were only partly right. Hartman, who had specialized in chemistry at the Boston School of Technology, had gone north four years earlier to regain his health and to hunt gold in the Le Pas area. He was an ore assayer when he entered the race.

"I figured real determination might do the trick, even against old hands," he told a friend. "And the \$500 first prize would start me in my industrial-research laboratory."

Hartman on that seventh day made the dog derby a success. Louis Hill, son of the founder of the Great Northern, had sponsored the derby to promote the now famous St. Paul Winter Carnival. He announced that he would give Hartman \$500 if he finished.

Everyone who ever pulled for an underdog was now for Hartman. People who had never heard of him before were betting on him to win.

He was, they said, a man of superhuman strength. He had to be, they argued, to do what he had done.

But it wasn't so. He was almost exhausted. People who saw him knew it, but not the newspaper readers. At practically every stop since Grand Forks at least one responsible person had urged Hartman to quit.

His lead was only temporary. A driving snowstorm in the night caused him to lose the trail, and he wandered about for hours, using precious time and energy, before arriving by daylight at a village called Ashby. He was dead tired. His dogs balked.

Hartman flopped on the floor of the railroad station, asking to be awakened in an hour.

His rivals, especially Albert Campbell, a Cree from Le Pas, the derby favorite, had been sympathetic to the nervy little Bostonian. Now, however, the rivals applied more pressure. They easily passed him as he slept.

The leapfrog tactics continued the next day, with Hartman driving himself from early morning until after midnight. Now he was getting help.

Men and boys ran with him part way, helping break the trail in deep snow. One youth saved his life near Alexandria, Minn. Running in the numbing cold, along the railroad right of way at night, Hartman narrowly escaped death when a passenger train flashed around a curve and missed him by inches. A youth threw the dogs off the tracks in time.

While his rivals slept at Alexandria, he continued to Sauk Centre, arriving about 10:15 A.M. He had traveled 51 miles since 2 P.M. the previous day. It was the second time he had the lead.

Schools were dismissing classes along the way. Children were urged to see the little man who "wouldn't give up" and might even win. Hartman did not fit the role of a hero. His clothes were tattered; he had a black beard; and exhaustion was making him taciturn. But his iron nerve carried him forward.

When the four teams from Le Pas arrived in St. Cloud at 3 A.M., bunched together, they were met by 1,000 people in 30°-below cold. But the man they really wanted to see didn't make it until 7:45 A.M. Hartman was trailing as badly now as in the beginning.

His dogs were so tired that for the first time they refused to eat. They slept instead. Hartman tried to eat, but also fell asleep. He had started the trip weighing 160 pounds; now he weighed 128.

Because he wouldn't quit, Hartman had become a national hero. The Great Northern dispatched a special press car with reporters and photographers to cover the last lap. Their copy was to be Hartman, but he was much too weary to talk with them.

A reporter got in a short word when he left St. Cloud. "Are you going to finish?"

"I'm going to finish," replied Hart-

man, "if I have to crawl across the last mile."

He caught up with the leaders again at Becker, 57 miles from St. Paul, where they had stopped for lunch in the press car.

For the first time, Hartman felt sorry for himself. There his rivals were—leaning back in overstuffed chairs, smoking big cigars. Hartman, drawn and beat, stumbled in with blisters as big as silver dollars, with one toe frozen, and his right knee swollen to twice normal.

The contrast hurt. He lunched with the others, but there was no conversation.

That night the five teams put up at Elk River, 40 miles from the finish. The question about Hartman, who arrived an hour after the others, was whether he could finish or not. There was some talk about race officials ruling him out because of his physical condition. But he sneaked out of Elk River at 2 A.M., unnoticed, he thought, as he headed his dogs into the night toward St. Paul.

A spy reported Hartman's surprise move to the other teams, and within an hour they were on the trail. In another hour they had passed the shuffling figure.

At Anoka, last major stop before St. Paul, a veterinarian injected novocaine into the paws of Hartman's dogs. Observers thought Hartman was semiconscious, but a doctor who urged him to quit was told to mind his own business.

At St. Paul's Como park 15,000

people waited at noon for the racers. Albert Campbell came in first, finishing in ten days. The 2nd-place winner, Bill Grayson, took ten days and seven minutes.

For four hours more the crowd waited. Then the cheering started from afar. Hartman was coming! He was going to finish! He staggered across the finish line at 5:30 P.M. The "gamest man in the world" collapsed in the arms of one of the judges. His clothing was frozen to his body. He could not speak. A lump rose in the throat of every spectator as officials carried him to a waiting car.

That was Feb. 3, the day President Wilson broke diplomatic relations with Germany. The *Pioneer Press*

estimated it had received some 30,000 telephone calls, the greatest number in its history.

But the callers weren't interested in the threatening war clouds. All night they asked, "Did Fred Hartman finish?"

Hartman won \$50 for finishing 5th and last, in addition to the \$500 from Louis Hill.

But he got the gold nuggets he had been seeking. They came in the form of \$1,000-a-week payments for stage appearances, an enormous salary for that era.

With his flair for adventure, Hartman characteristically joined the 354th Aero squadron eight months later. He died in a plane crash in France April 7, 1918.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

We had been married only two days when my husband's family invited us to their home for dinner. When we arrived, we found all his relatives assembled. I noticed a large birthday cake, a display of birthday cards, and a table heaped with gift boxes.

I was horrified to discover that my husband, in the flurry of wedding plans and festivities, had completely forgotten his mother's birthday!

I grew more and more uncomfortable as the time approached for opening the gifts, and I knew that my husband must have become even more distressed than I was.

My new mother-in-law, who is as perceptive as she is gracious, sensed our discomfort. When the time came for her to open the packages, she said, "I already know what my nicest gift will be. The nicest birthday gift I have ever received came from my son—a new daughter!"

Mrs. Hugh B. Marsh.

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By Joseph Anthony
Condensed from
*"The Rascal and the Pilgrim"**

Little Joe Comes to America

*A pint-sized war veteran finds a
new life among U.S. front-line troops*

I DIDN'T get much sleep that night. It was too hot. I kept tossing and turning, and pushing at the boys sleeping on both sides of me. There were 12 of us in that little room, sleeping on the stone floor.

The damp heat, the smells, and the noise from the street would not let me close my eyes. It wasn't our fault that we went to sleep without washing. Thirty-six of us orphans ate, slept, and played in two small rooms. Mrs. Pak, the nice old lady who took care of us, had the only other room.

But I liked this little orphanage. I liked Mrs. Pak, who taught me to be a good beggar. And even though I had fights nearly every day, I liked the other kids, too. We always helped each other on the streets when we got into trouble. Some people said this was the worst orphanage in Seoul, Korea. But I didn't think so. I had been in many worse orphanages before.

Right now I was thinking about how Mr. Yuch chased me when I

took that big dried octopus from his fish market. When I brought it to Mrs. Pak I told her that a rich man had given it to me. She smiled and said, "Did the rich man chase you, too?"

I was never ashamed to lie when I begged or stole. I had learned to lie soon after I learned to walk, about the time my parents left me on the street. Mama Pak always told me I was the best liar and beggar in the house. Some of the new boys were afraid to beg. So Mama Pak told them off in her loud, shouting voice. "Who ever heard of a beggar who couldn't tell a nice, big story? If you



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want to starve, go right ahead, but not in my place!"

I remembered when I first met Mrs. Pak on the street. I thought she was a rich lady. I begged, but she didn't give me anything. Instead, she asked me my name, and all about my family. Then she said, "You certainly have a cute face for begging!"

She brought me to her place, and asked if I would like to stay there with the other boys. "She looks pretty rich," I said to myself. "Maybe this orphanage is a good one." But no, all the other places I had stayed were terrible. Still, if I didn't like it I could always run away. And it was starting to get cold; I had to think about finding somewhere to stay for the winter. That's how I came to be at this place.

I wish I could go to sleep, I thought. Then I began thinking about my parents. I wondered where my mother and father were just then, about what they looked like. Why had they left me? Maybe I got lost in the streets while they were shopping. I felt sure they must be rich, and if they knew where I was, they would come and get me.

I saw a kid who got lost on the street when I was in a police station once. His mother came and took him home in her arms. But I don't know a thing about my mother, or my father.

I don't remember much: wandering in the streets, and those hungry days, and the cold nights. I began to cry. I was still only about 11.

A loud noise like thunder woke me. "Get up and close the windows!" I heard somebody yell. But I was too sleepy, and I dropped off for a few seconds. Then I heard some more thunder and another yell, "Hey, it's not raining! Look over there. A house is on fire!" It was Suk's voice calling.

I jumped up as if the fire was right next to me. Then the others began getting up, and pretty soon we were all outside, looking at the fire. It was about ten blocks away. We could not tell how many houses, but they were burning fast.

Mama Pak shouted, "You boys get in there and get dressed. I'm going out to have a look. Nobody goes out the gate until I get back!" Something big must be up. Mama Pak doesn't often leave the gate to see what's going on; usually she sends somebody.

"Hey, Shu, we don't get our breakfast until Mama Pak comes back." It was my buddy, Gae Sung, talking. "What do you think is happening?" he asked.

"I think there is a big fight with a bad man and the police," I tell him. "Do you hear all those big noises? They sound just like hand bombs blowing up—you know, like in that movie we saw last week."

We waited until noon, but Mama Pak didn't come back. We saw big black smoke going up everywhere. We kept hearing "ta, ta, ta, ta, ta," like the machine guns in the movies. We went to the gate and peeked through the little opening.

We saw long lines of people moving along the road. Whole families seemed to be leaving town. Some had suitcases in their hands, or carried white bags on their backs. Others rolled little carts ahead of them, or carried babies in their arms.

Seeing this, the little boys began to cry and the big ones started shouting, "Let's get out of here!" Too Yung, one of the big boys, pushed us back from the gate, saying, "Let me go outside and find out what's going on."

He came back in a few minutes shouting, "War! war! The North Koreans are coming, and they're killing everybody. All the people are leaving Seoul. You kids better grab your things!" I couldn't quite understand what it was all about, but I could see that even he was scared and trembling.

Too Yung brought all the orphanage food out to the yard, and we gathered around him. He said for each big kid to take the hand of a little kid and we'd try to stick together. He gave the rice bag to Gum Ho and the pots and pans to Yoo Buck. "Remember, all of you try to stay together," he shouted. "If you get lost, don't try to look for me. Just keep moving south with the other people!"

We went out into the street and found ourselves in the midst of a mob. Cars, trucks, and bicycles were trying to move along the clogged roads. I saw some little boys shouting for their parents, and parents

calling to their kids. I never saw such terror on the faces of people. A man on a bicycle came by and broke my hand hold. Then another man stepped on my left foot. I called out for Gae Sung. I could hear him calling, too, but I couldn't see him. People with big, heavy bags kept pushing and shoving me, almost crushing me. Then somebody knocked me down. When I picked myself up, there was not a familiar face in sight. I was terrified. I thought I would surely be killed and trampled underfoot by this mob.

I heard a radio blaring. "This is Gen. Kim Boon Tuck speaking. The North Korean communists are nearing Seoul. Our troops are trying to defeat them at the outskirts of the city. Civilians must leave at once! No one will be spared by these bloody butchers. All bridges will be destroyed soon. Leave the city at once!"

When I got close to the bridge, I couldn't find room even to stand on my feet. I climbed a rooftop. I saw grandmothers, mothers, and children being trampled to death.

I decided to try the railroad bridge. One false step would mean death, but anything was better than being crushed in that mob. Quite a few others had the same idea. I found myself standing barefoot on the cool steel rails. Each of us could move only after the person in front had moved forward. There was no way to go back. Halfway across I stopped to catch my breath. "Keep moving

or get off!" I heard someone shout.

"Here, son, take my hand," said the man in front of me. "We must get to the other side before the train comes." Never was I so grateful for anything. I thanked him again and again.

We were almost to the other side when we heard the train whistle, then saw a white plume of smoke. I saw at least 20 people jump into the river below, or be pushed by others, or run over by the train. I clung to the side of the bridge for dear life. As the train passed, I saw our soldiers aboard, with tanks and guns and trucks. They were moving up to fight the North Koreans. "I hope they kill them all!" I said to myself.

Once on the other side, I reached into my winter jacket and checked my things. I counted 560 *wons* and put them in my secret place. I had a three-bladed knife, a little spoon, a comic book, a broken red crayon, and nothing to eat. My winter jacket was making me very hot, but I didn't dare take it off. It was the only thing I had grabbed when I left the orphanage.

For four days and nights I marched with that ragged, surging line of refugees. From time to time, planes flew over the roads, strafing and dropping small bombs. With a sick mind, I saw dead people everywhere. Some were lying right in the middle of the highway. I saw a mother stretched out on the bank with a baby on top of her, crying. I saw a couple of high-school kids throw

away their bags to pick up little kids that were lost or left by their mothers.

I tried to walk faster. I had put on my shoes, but they were full of caked mud, and my feet hurt terribly. I stopped where a woman was sitting with her two children beside the road. "Wu Gee can't walk another step, and I don't have enough strength to carry him and the baby," she explained.

I looked at her sadly. I could see that she wasn't a hard-working woman of the fields. "Don't worry. I will help carry your little boy," I said, and swung him up on my back. She slowly got up with her baby in her arms, and we plodded on.

AFTER A very long time we saw a city ahead and a road sign saying it was Taegon. When I saw a vegetable shop I knew it would be our home for the night. A beggar like me knows how to find a good place to sleep. I guided the woman and her children down to the basement of the shop and then went off looking for something for us to eat.

I walked in a daze, so weak I could not see straight. My stomach seemed to have dried up. Taegon was like a ghost town. There wasn't a person or a light anywhere, just the sounds of guns in the distance. I found all kinds of shops, but nothing to eat anywhere. I felt myself losing consciousness.

When I opened my eyes, I heard the roar of powerful motors. I

thought, "Oh, that poor lady and her kids. She must think I ran away!" I looked out in the street, and there was the biggest tank I had ever seen. I had seen tanks before, but this was a monster, with its long gun pointing toward the sky. The street was full of tall white soldiers, with big noses. So these are the no-good North Koreans, I thought. The street was full of civilians, too, cheering and waving at the soldiers. I got down on my knees and tried to squeeze between people's legs. Then I noticed some big-nosed soldiers laughing and pointing at me. One of them threw something at me, and it landed thump! at my feet. Without thinking, I grabbed it up. Greedy hands tried to take it away. I heard a loud, angry voice from a truck; a big soldier was shouting at the people who were trying to steal my package.

I tore open the package. It was full of cookies, wrapped in fancy paper! I bowed to the soldiers, smiled, and said, "Thank you! Thank you very much!" It turned out that the big-nosed soldiers were not North Koreans at all, but Americans who had come to help our soldiers.

I ran down the street until I came to a little cider shop. No one was in; the door was locked. I broke a window with a brick and reached out one of the big jugs. I drank it down without once stopping. I felt much better then, so I took seven more jugs.

When I got back to the cellar, I

found the woman and her children all crying. She looked at me with wide eyes as she saw the big package and the cider jugs. After we had eaten all the cookies and had drunk the cider the mother said, "I thought you had left us because we were too much trouble to you." Then she gave me a big, beautiful smile.

I tried to smile, too, but instead, tears came down the sides of my nose. For the first time in my life I felt I had done a good thing for other people. Suddenly I didn't feel cheap, dirty, tough, or lonely any more. For the first time, I had somebody close to me. Her baby was sleeping on my lap. She put one arm around her boy, and the other around me. All four of us were very happy.

We lived in that Taegon cellar five days. Every day I sneaked into different houses and got rice, fish, salt, and vegetables that people had abandoned. I now called the mother "*ou mon ni*," because she told me that I was now her son. And she was like a real mother, my own mother.

I got regular handouts from the big-nosed soldiers, too, until one night they suddenly broke camp and left. They had joined the fighting farther north.

One day I was walking down the street when something flew over my head . . . *swish!* . . . and crashed about two blocks away with a big noise and spurt of fire. Bang! Boom! There were other explosions, and stones and pieces of wood dropped right in front of me. I pushed a door open

and went inside a building. Just then, there was another loud explosion, and the ceiling fell on me.

When I came to, every part of my body was in pain. My head ached horribly, but somehow I made my way to the street. What a frightful sight! There was no city! Every building was knocked down. I couldn't tell where I was. I had only one shoe, and blood was flowing from my right leg just above the ankle.

I tried to run down the street. I must find that vegetable shop! I came to what I felt sure must be the place, but there was no sign of it. Then I saw some broken cider jugs among the ruins in front of me. One of the pieces had a rope around it, and I knew that jug was mine. I had fixed the rope so I could use the jug to carry water. My new mother used to put it by the door whenever we needed some; she was afraid to go outside. The broken jug dropped from my hand. "*Ou mon ni!*" I shouted for her, but she did not answer. I knew that she was dead, and that her babies were dead. They were buried under that heavy pile of bricks. The only family I ever had was gone.

NOW EVERYTHING looked mean and terrible. After all those years of fighting, stealing, and begging, I had had five happy days with that lady and her kids. I had a real mother and a family. Now I was back where I had been.

"I wish I could have died with

her!" I cried. "Why does it always happen to me? Buddha must indeed be angry with me." Then I felt my knife inside my winter jacket. My voice kept telling me, "Why don't you use your knife and die?" It would all be over in a few minutes.

As I sat there crying I saw through my big teardrops a bent old man limping toward me. "Go away!" I yelled at him. "I am going to kill myself."

"You are a very foolish boy," he told me. "Why do you want to die so soon?"

I put down the knife and looked at him.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"My name is Lee Bung Do Cho. Only two weeks ago, I was the richest man in Seoul. Now I have nothing, not even a single friend. The communists are hunting me." He turned his face to hide his tears, and went on, "I am well paid for the life I've lived. My family is lost forever. But I shall make up for my past life by living another life, this one with no wealth, but with a better heart. I had many chances to help others with my wealth, but I didn't even give my family the things they wanted. But now, my son, I know the real meaning of happiness. I will spend the rest of my life trying to help others."

He noticed the blood on my leg, and took out a handkerchief and bound it up. Then he saw that my

head was bleeding, too, so he tore a big piece of white cloth from his clothing and bandaged the wound. That night I slept on his arm with a happy heart.

We woke to the sound of gunfire. Tanks and trucks were rolling on the road not far from us. "Maybe the big-nosed soldiers are back," I cried happily, and started to get to my feet.

"Stay down, son!" The old man pulled me down on my stomach and listened intently to the voices coming from behind a stone fence. "Those voices aren't our people's. Those are the communists."

I was very scared. "What are we going to do?" I asked.

"Look, little one, I will be dangerous to you. They will kill you if they find you with me." He crouched low and made ready to run without me.

I grabbed at his coat. "Take me with you . . . please . . . please!"

Without any more talking we were running through the fields. The old man's coat caught on a piece of brush and he fell, making a loud noise. "*Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta!*" I heard a machine gun and the whistle of bullets as I tried to help him up. He started to rise, then sank back with a cry of pain. I could see a big blood spot on his shirt.

I saw soldiers running toward us. Plopping down behind a pile of dirt, I covered my head with my hands and shouted, "Don't kill me . . . please don't . . . I have no money . . . I didn't do anything!" That's

all that I remembered for a while.

Slowly I opened my eyes. A strange man in white clothes was looking down at me. I was in a strange place with a roof made of cloth. Suddenly I became frightened and shouted at them "Don't kill me! Please don't kill me!"

A Korean man next to the one in white clothes said to me, "Do not fear, little one. These are American soldiers. They are our friends." The Korean man explained that I had been in the middle of a big battle. I had been very close to the hiding place of some North Korean soldiers. When the Americans chased the North Koreans, they found me lying in a field, covered with blood. At first they thought I was dead. One of the Americans was going to bury me, but found I was still alive. So I was brought to this hospital tent.

Pointing to the man in white clothes, the Korean said, "This is Dr. Steven. He said you were hit by a piece of flying iron from an artillery shell, but he patched up your chest. He said that you are going to be all right, but you must not move until he gives you permission. If you want anything, just ask for 'Jerry.' That's my GI name."

Jerry explained that I had lost so much blood from my chest that the medics had put some more blood into me from a bottle. At first I was frightened because I thought I must have animals' blood in me. But Jerry laughed and said that the blood was clean and the same type I have in

my body. All his talk about "blood," "plasma," and "Red Cross" was very confusing.

He gave me a piece of gum before he left, and told me not to swallow it. It tasted soft and sweet. I chewed it many times, but it was still in my mouth. I broke it into several pieces and chewed again, but it was still there. So I swallowed it.

Every day the GI doctor came in and checked all the sick soldiers. Every day he gave me two shots in my back, and sometimes three. After about a week I was able to sit up. The other soldiers began teaching me to speak the way they did, and began calling me "Leiti Joh."

Then one day we moved to another place near Taegon that had regular buildings, not tents. I was very grateful to the American soldiers for being so nice to me and for saving my life. I loved Dr. Steven for all the things he did for me. I had all the food I could eat. I was never so happy. Soon I was able to walk.

On Sundays Dr. Steven and Jerry would take me to see a GI movie. I could not understand it, but I liked the beautiful colors, especially in those cartoons. I also learned to play cards.

I began to work in different places; sometimes in the kitchen, other times in the supply room. I would also run over to the PX truck and buy things for sick soldiers.

Then one day in September, my happy new life ended. Jerry told me the hospital company was going back

to Japan, and that I could not go with them. I was sad to leave all those wonderful GI's. I had almost forgotten the word *hate*. I didn't want to be alone in the world again.

"Where will you go, Jerry?" I asked.

"I think I ought to go up to the front lines where I am needed," he replied. "Most of my friends are up there doing interpreting for the 24th division."

"Take me with you," I begged him.

"No, Little Joe, it is too dangerous up there for you," he insisted.

But I was not worried about getting killed. I was worried about leaving Jerry. I begged and begged, and finally he gave in.

Captain Steven gave me \$10, and Captain Cook, the lady GI, gave me a whole big box of cookies and candy when I came to say good-by. She also gave me a tight hug, and said, "Be a good boy, Little Joe. I hope we will meet again."

YOU TELL them how hard I work, Jerry," I said, standing in front of a captain and sergeant of the 24th division. "Tell them Little Joe good mess boy, good cleanup boy, good number one boy."

Jerry talked to the captain in English. From their voices I knew that Jerry kept asking and the captain kept refusing. Finally the sergeant with six stripes on his arm said something to the captain, and Jerry told me, "You can stay, Little Joe, but

you must stick to the mess hall outfit and not go up to the front line. O.K.?"

I was so happy and excited I shook Jerry's hand, then the captain's and the sergeant's.

The 19th Infantry regiment, M company, had the best soldiers and the best cooks in all Korea. Once a month we made round cookies called "do-nuts" by the thousand. I helped the cook roll them in sugar. They were really good!

Soon the snow came, with cutting winds. Sometimes we moved three times in one day. Our company chased those North Koreans so fast that soon we were in North Korea. While riding on top of the mess hall truck I saw many North Koreans walking toward the south. They made me think of our long march from Seoul. I knew they were hungry and tired. When the GI's were not looking, I threw down C-rations to them.

While we were near Sariwon, a little boy came around and waited for leftovers the GI's threw away. He was only about six, and dressed in rags. He had the saddest face I have ever seen. I collected the leftovers before the cooks put them in the garbage cans and gave them to the little boy. I learned that his father was dragged away to the North Korean army and that his mother was caring for his two younger brothers and little sister.

The next morning, we moved out. With the other companies we made

a long line on the narrow Korean dirt road. I got to ride on the captain's jeep. After a while the companies separated, ours taking a winding road up a mountain.

Suddenly we heard a loud shout. A Korean came running toward us from the field, speaking excitedly and motioning. The captain grabbed his carbine and aimed it straight at the man.

"What's he saying, Little Joe?" the captain asked me.

"Capi-tan, he say go back! Maybe Reds!" I answered.

The man ran up to us and said in Korean, "Make soldiers go back . . . communists blow up this bridge . . . hurry, boy! hurry!"

I told the captain what he had said. "Reverse in full speed!" he commanded. The trucks could not turn around on this narrow road. Just then there was a great explosion, right in the middle of the bridge. Shells and rifle fire began to hit around us. We left the convoy and took shelter under the broken end of the bridge.

The captain put his hand on my helmet, saying, "Thanks to you, Little Joe! If it weren't for you, most of us would be dead by now!"

"Me can speak En-gerish, no?" I asked happily.

"You sure can, Little Joe," the captain replied with a smile.

Later I told Sergeant Murphy, "Me no more KP work—capi-tan make me inter-pi-ter."

North Korea was also South Korea

and North Koreans were just like South Koreans. I always thought they spoke a different language and looked mean. I learned that once North and South Korea had been one country. That was before the no-good Russians decided to have North Korea.

Each day I learned something new and interesting. I collected new English words from the GI's and gave them back in a strong Korean accent. The GI's were beginning to feel sad and lonesome. Sergeant Murphy said we might go all the way up to Manchuria and then to China. Everyone began talking about "Christmas."

"Boy," one soldier said in a soft voice, "I sure wish I could be home with my folks this Christmas!"

"What would you like to get for Christmas, Little Joe?" one of the GI's asked me.

"Me? Get something?" I was puzzled.

Sergeant Murphy said, "Well, Little Joe, every kid back in the U. S. knows about Christmas. All the good boys and girls are given presents then."

Next day in mess hall I learned more about Christmas. I learned it comes six days before the big Korean New Year. Christmas certainly sounded exciting! I wished I could be in the States to see it.

Now all I did was think about America, it seemed. As we broke camp again and our trucks sped away on the frozen road, my mind

was busy with my crazy idea of going to America some day.

If America is as wonderful as those pictures in the magazines and movies, I thought, it must really be a good place to live. I could just see myself living in a beautiful home, riding in a nice car, going to school to be real smart—even playing with American boys. It was too good even to dream about. "No," I told myself. "My home is here in Korea. I'm Korean. Besides, Americans don't want a poor little beggar like me in their nice country."

A strange fear took hold of me. I knew these soldiers would soon go home, and I would be alone again. I spent sad and quiet hours next to the warm stove in the mess tent, watching old friends go and new friends come.

OUR COMPANY was right near the Yalu river, all ready to go into Manchuria, when an order came suddenly: we were to go back to South Korea. The soldiers were very angry. All that hard fighting for nothing!

When spring came, the 19th Infantry regiment was ordered back to Japan, and I ended up with the 1st Cavalry division. By this time I was busy with plans for my big trip, all the way to America! After two months with my new company, I decided to leave before the snow came again. It was the perfect time, not too hot and not too cold to walk. I could walk all the way if I had to. I had saved about \$65. Most of it

was in \$10 bills I could hide in my shoes.

I went to say good-by to the sergeant.

"Me go home now," I told him, feeling half sad and half happy.

"But Little Joe, you said you have no home! Didn't you tell me you

were an orphan?" asked the sergeant.

"Oh, yes, me have home," I lied.

"Me papa sick. Must go now."

"Where is your home, Little Joe?"

"In Seoul," I lied again. My plan was to go to Seoul and find the man who sold tickets to America.

(To be continued)

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

For a year back in the 1920's I was employed by a daily newspaper that was making a heroic but futile struggle for survival. One morning the owner regretfully told his employees that the paper would cease publication at the end of the month.

I remember my heartbreak as I walked home at noon. A cold wind was blowing, but I paid no attention to it. I was too intent on what the loss of work would mean to my family. I was the sole support of an invalid mother and sister. Jobs were scarce in those days—especially for young women.

Suddenly a heavy gust of wind buffeted me. As I pulled my coat about me, I saw the wind lift the hat of an elderly clergyman who was coming along the sidewalk. The hat went rolling down the street. I instinctively ran into the street, and chased the hat for half a block before I captured it.

I brushed the hat and returned it to its owner, who thanked me profusely. His face looked familiar, but I was too much perturbed by my troubles to try to recall where I had seen him.

Two weeks later I heard (along with a dozen other out-of-work newspaper people) that a new Catholic paper was to be established. Experienced help was needed. Applicants were to apply in person.

While I was being interviewed by the monsignor who was to be business manager, a knock sounded at his door. The priest rose to his feet as the door opened, and so did I. On the threshold stood the elderly priest whose hat I had rescued. He was not wearing his overcoat now, and I saw the purple of his office. Now I knew him: the Most Revd. James J. Keane, the then Archbishop of Dubuque. He smiled, and I knelt to kiss his ring.

He turned to the monsignor. "If this young lady is an applicant for a position on the paper, I suggest that you employ her," he said. "She has shown unusual ability to think and act swiftly."

(I held that job until I married, ten years later.)

A. B. Eberhardt.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

The Parent-Teacher Team

*Plain language from a
high-school principal*

CRITICS OF elementary and secondary education who draw a bead on teacher are usually aiming at the wrong target. They would do better to level their sights on mom and dad; for often when Johnny isn't learning what he should, the home is at fault, not the school.

As a Catholic high-school principal, I regularly have occasion to make that point to parents. Nicely, of course. But many angrily refuse to admit responsibility.

One irate mother put it this way, "I'm paying you and your staff to teach my boy. Now you try to make me responsible for his failure. Education is your job, not mine!"

As her son would put it, she "goofed" when she made that statement. But she expressed an all-too-common attitude among parents. An amazing number act as though all they need do is pay tuition, buy books, and shove their children out the door properly clothed and fed each morning to fulfill their obligation.

Not so. Parents have signed a contract to develop each child spiritually, intellectually, and physically. If they scrutinize the small print, they



will find that the contract reads, "This duty nontransferable by reason of the natural law."

Parents, in other words, have the basic responsibility for the education of their children. The fact that Church and state place professional instructors at their service does not change the situation. The teachers exist only to help do what parents alone cannot accomplish for lack of time, talent, and information.

Even if they wanted to, teachers could not take over the entire task of educating. They have no right to do so; for both the law of God and that of our land vests the prerogative in the parents.

Moreover, teachers control only a portion of the child's learning time. Every moment of his conscious life is an opportunity to discover some-

thing true or false, good or bad. These moments total approximately 5,000 hours a year, only 1,000 of which are spent in the classroom. The other 4,000 hours are under the direct supervision of the home—or should be.

Therefore, unless parents find some way to repeal both the natural and civil law (and to turn off the lad's learning apparatus when he is out of teacher's sight) they cannot assert that education is the school's job alone.

Mom, dad, and teacher constitute a team. Mom and dad must pull their share of the load. If they don't, Johnny's educational wagon is going to stall.

I have found four steps parents can take to prevent that from happening. Of course, I don't guarantee that these measures will produce astonishing results, but I do promise that they will make the normal youngster's education more effective.

The first step is to show an interest in the child's school life. This is so obviously necessary it may seem hardly worth mentioning. Yet not a few parents need reminding that children often value an activity by the attention parents give it. If mom and dad hold school important, it must be important. If they disregard it, why bother about it?

Children require moral support: a loving voice to praise when they achieve, encourage when they falter, and sometimes rebuke when they fall. It is a rare boy or girl who will

put forth top effort without such backing.

Almost as bad as no interest is disproportionate interest. Tommy Brown's father is guilty of this fault. Look in the stands whenever Tommy is playing a game and you will find dad there. He is rarely at other school affairs, especially if they have something to do with Tommy's intellectual growth. At Tommy's house school is frequently discussed, but the talk seldom gets beyond the gridiron, court, or diamond. As far as Mr. Brown is concerned, the only teacher on the staff is the coach, and the only activity, athletics. No wonder Tommy thinks balls more important than books.

Out of the same mold is freshman Fanny's mother. She is certain her 13-year-old is doomed to spinsterhood if she isn't absorbed in dancing and parties. This lady accents the extra-curricular. What counts is the number of clubs Fanny belongs to and whom she knows.

Parents who have a well-rounded interest in their child's school life let him know by their degree of concern the relative importance of school activities. While they do not disparage athletic skills and social graces, they give the child to understand that school is a place where he is expected to develop his soul, mind, and body, with the emphasis in that order.

Second to proper interest is a knowledge of the child's educational capacity. Just as the school cannot measure an education to fit him until

it has determined his ability, so parents cannot cooperate unless they also know it.

Too often home and school are at odds here. Many parents send a five-gallon container to teacher and expect that she will put ten gallons of information into it. When she can't, she's at fault.

Since the beginning of time God has been creating intellects superior, average, and inferior. If a youngster comes equipped with one of the latter, the teacher can't step up its power. Nor will the parents' desire to see their child excel have an effect. They might as well hope that he will hit the moon with a 4th of July rocket.

When parents insist that students take subjects or earn grades beyond their mental limits, tragedy often follows. Given goals they cannot possibly attain, the youngsters end up badly frustrated. Then, instead of working to the capacity they do possess, they may let down completely.

Sometimes parents, overly ambitious for their children, make the situation even worse by selling them on vocations for which they are not intellectually suited. I recall one father who was set on his son's becoming an engineer. He had convinced the lad that engineering was the only worth-while calling. The boy's I.Q. was 80. At best he might have made a good oiler.

Our difficulty with this gentleman began when, on the basis of tests and

the recommendation of the 8th-grade teacher, we scheduled the lad for a terminal rather than a college prep course. His dad immediately called us to task for assigning him general mathematics and remedial reading instead of Latin and algebra.

"How do you expect my son to get through engineering if you won't let him take the necessary subjects?" he stormed. We didn't expect him to get through anything except, perhaps, four years of watered-down high school.

We tactfully explained that his boy's intelligence was below average. The father canceled the registration and enrolled his son elsewhere in the courses he had demanded. As a result, the boy failed most of his subjects from the start. Before the end of his first year he was expelled for a serious infraction of the rules.

It isn't just slow learners who suffer when parents wrongly evaluate their ability. Sometimes the victims are bright youngsters like Billy Jones. Billy had superior intelligence and a phenomenal memory, but a lazier lump of adolescence never plopped itself behind a desk. He was a B student without any effort at all. With a little perspiration he could have earned straight A's.

Teachers used every trick of motivation, but Billy persisted in taking the easy way out. Why push when he could get creditable marks by simply listening in class?

When teachers tried mildly puni-

tive measures, Billy cried at home that he was being persecuted. Mother and dad agreed; they voiced the same lament in my office. I explained to them that they were blessed with a genius in the bud, though a dormant one. All we were trying to do was start the sap flowing.

They didn't agree. Billy was doing good work, they said, as I could see for myself if I would look at his report card. After all, a boy is a boy only once, and boyhood should be a carefree, happy experience.

The truth was that Billy could have done what was required and still have had plenty of time for other pursuits. Instead, with parental approval, he coasted along. Another sharp mind went down the drain.

Mistakes like these about ability are usually inexcusable. Schools today do a scientific job of assessing scholastic potential. They are eager to pass the information on to parents. It's a shame that so many ignore it, or reject its validity.

The parents who do so are often the same ones who omit another essential step in teamwork: they don't back up the teacher.

A common instance is their attitude toward homework. Seldom do they see that assignments are done, or check their quality. I suspect that many parents do little more than mutter empty threats, or perhaps make certain that sonny sits awhile exposed to an open book. Whether he actually digs in and learns is for

his teacher to find out the next morning.

How different the parent who realizes that after school hours the work of education continues; that it is the parent's duty to insist that the lesson be mastered. That is the kind of follow-through teachers must have to get peak performance in the classroom.

In place of it they often meet with indifference and even hostility. "She's picking on my little girl." "She just doesn't understand children."

I wish it were possible to conscript such critics for a week and throw them into a class of high-school sophomores or a room filled with squirming 5th graders. They would soon discover that children let loose with the same outbursts of original sin at school as they do at home. They disobey, vent their tempers, scuffle, fidget, and cause disorder, apparently without exhaustion.

What's more, those parents would find that smiling requests for right conduct are not always enough, and that even good boys and girls sometimes have to be shown that "Please don't," if not minded, can have a stinger in its tail.

At the end of the week I am sure that their "my Johnny, right or wrong" attitude would have vanished.

I don't imply that teachers never merit criticism. They certainly do. Like other people they make mistakes, sometimes bad ones. When

teacher does make a mistake, the problem should be settled privately so as not to depreciate the teacher in the eyes of his student.

The final and most important contribution parents can make to education is to have a model home. By this I mean a home where the power of example drives deep the lessons taught in school.

For Catholic parents, the first aim must be to live their religion. When a father approaches the Communion rail only twice a year, the instruction his son gets in religion class about Holy Eucharist may go unheeded. And how can a daughter be taught to respect her neighbor's reputation if her mother makes a pastime of gossiping over the back fence?

Teachers overcome such odds only with great difficulty. Consider the English instructor who tries to get his pupils to appreciate good literature. One student goes home to a family library—small, perhaps, but well chosen, and most important, enjoyed by mom and dad. For another student, family reading material consists of a few magazines and the daily newspapers.

No matter what the area, it is the mother and father best exemplifying the lessons of the classroom whose youngster is most likely to succeed there. If more parents would team up with teacher, our persistent critics of education would wonder how the schools had achieved such a tremendous improvement so swiftly.

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What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: Occasionally I read some articles in your *Digest* and find them quite interesting. However, something is bothering me. I am a Jew by birth and by belief. I fled from Germany to America about 23 years ago, and I know that so many good Catholics helped Jews in their desperate situation. Especially, nuns and priests endangered their own lives in order to save human beings; and last but not least the great leader of Catholicism, your holy Pope, did a marvelous work in Europe for the sake of Jewish people.

But how can it be explained that in the medieval times the Catholic Church in Spain and in other countries was so hostile to the Jews and considered them as second-class citizens and made their lives so miserable? I don't put any blame on the present Catholic generation, but I would like to have an historical explanation and would be glad to hear your opinion about this.

Dr. Ernst Appel.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

Your letter, Dr. Appel, indicates that you and I would agree on the subject of social abuses: as members of modern society we should feel shame

for our own delinquencies in justice and charity, but we should avoid guilt feelings and resentments about the abuses of former generations. We can-

not alter the facts of history, and we should not seek excuses for the crimes of the past. We should rather study past mistakes calmly, that we may profit by them. If experience is the best teacher, then history should be the mentor supreme.

To understand the treatment of Jews in medieval times we should 1. try to solve the age-old puzzle of anti-Semitism, and 2. attempt to appreciate the medieval mentality.

How it all began is really a mystery, but the story of anti-Semitism stretches through 20 centuries and relates in many sordid chapters man's reluctance to mature in his jumbled concepts of equality and brotherhood, of human rights and dignity. It tells in terms of cruelty and suffering of our plodding, half-hearted efforts to develop legal institutions to protect the rights of man, and shows the effects of ignorance, prejudice, fear, and hate when they are directed at our brethren of a different tribe, race, creed, or nation.

Even today, Dr. Appel, prejudice does not present a pretty picture. There has been progress, but it is only partial, and we resist mulishly each further step. We see isolation based on fear of foreigners, segregation resulting from anxieties about race, and various restrictions because of bias against religions. Habitual injustices are held to be right, and established social inequalities are represented as the will of God. As we survey the history of bigotry we may console ourselves that we are

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There seems to have been no definite anti-Semitism before the time of Christ. The Old Testament tells of much hatred, fighting, and oppression. The Hebrew people were often under the domination of greater powers. But this was the ordinary fate of a small nation in those harsh times.

However, it is not true to say that anti-Semitism is entirely a by-product of Christianity. It began in the Greco-Roman world following the Dispersion, and its first manifestations are seen before Christianity became a social influence. Some rather obscure writers, like Apion, gave it strong impulse, but even men like Seneca and Tacitus were involved in it. These writers told of ritual murders, donkey worship, civil disloyalty, and strange and vicious practices which have formed the fictitious background for the anti-Jewish prejudices of medieval and modern times. I understand that the first pogrom took place in Egypt in 38 A.D.

In general, during the early centuries of Christianity the Jews suffered no special civil disadvantages, and by the 9th century they formed an outstanding commercial class. But by the end of the Crusades their inferior position was inexorably established. They were excluded from the craft guilds and forced out of commerce by social pressures. To survive, they had to become moneylenders

and collectors of taxes. There was opportunity for them in moneylending because Church laws against usury kept Christians out of the business. And as tax collectors they were the expendable tools of grasping governments. When the people started grumbling too much about excessive taxes, the state would put the blame on Jewish "extortionists," and the unrest would be assuaged with a pogrom or by the expulsion of Jews from the country.

The laws of many countries deprived the Jew of civil rights, bound him by various restrictions, and made him dwell in a walled ghetto. Legal and social pressures combined to make him live by his wits or his hard labor at a subsistence level. The trade guilds followed the craft guilds in excluding him from their monopolistic membership. So in the world of commerce the Jew had to become a peddler or a middleman. The transition from barter to finance gave him a partial reprieve from oppression and opened a new area for his acute skills. But his position in the world falsely etched his image in the Christian mind as a rapacious Shylock deviously defrauding the guileless gentile.

Pogroms were frequent, often stirred by catastrophe or plague in which Jews were made the scapegoats. The popular mind pictured them as Christ-killers, deliberate unbelievers, desecrators of the Eucharist, and children of the devil. It was symptomatic that people blamed the

Black Death on them in the 14th century, and that they were banished from various countries as malignant targets of divine wrath.

MEDIEVAL CHRISTIANS probably believed that zeal for the faith was good reason for persecuting Jews. They called the Jews perfidious because they refused to believe truths which had been made evident to them; so they were guilty and deserved to be punished. But hidden behind this righteous excuse were all the ignorance, credulity, and crude emotions that lie behind most intolerance.

Fear: sometimes it was physical; in popular image the unknown Jew was vicious. More often it was a transferred insecurity, an anxious defense of privilege, or a superstitious bulwark to faith.

Prejudice: knowing so many frightful fabrications that the plain truth cannot get a hearing.

Ignorance: charity never has more than a sentimental chance until we give it fact to feed on.

Credulity: primitive people show an avid readiness to accept forgeries and believe fantastic tales, especially those of crime, cruelty, cunning, and conspiracy.

Scapegoat: there is always a need for something or someone to bear the burden of those many hostilities, resentments, and frustrations which convention will not permit us to heap on the brethren of our own group, who are actually to blame.

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Glorification of conformity: the Jew committed the crime of being different. He observed the Sabbath, followed dietary laws, and maintained a stubborn solidarity of race and family.

Xenophobia: the medieval world had none of our modern facilities for communication, travel, and world knowledge. Even we of the space age tend to suspect the foreigner in our midst, as well as the one beyond the border. The Jew in the ghetto was a foreigner and a stranger, even though his ancestors had been natives of the city for generations.

Avarice: when the guilds excluded Jews from their membership they must have seen commercial advantage from one corner of their corporate eye. And when a government expelled them from the country their property could often be confiscated.

Pride: the modern world has much of it. The nazis really thought they were better than the Jews. And many white people are smugly convinced that their race is superior to that of the poor Negro whose father was recently a slave.

I could go on and on, Dr. Appel, with this list of the real causes of prejudice. My point is that intolerance and persecution, wherever you find them, are mostly the products of the vicious side of man's nature and reflect the mores of his civilization. They may be intensified by fanatical ideologies, but they are never the logical result of any sound

religion, and certainly not the legitimate product of Christianity: the religion of love, patience, and mercy.

Certainly, Dr. Appel, there is nothing about anti-Semitism, or any other form of prejudice, which can be justified by Catholic doctrine. We cling firmly to the truth. We insist that it is an objective reality, immutable and important. We cannot be indifferent to it, or permit error to be a substitute for it. We are zealous that everyone should see it, embrace it, and love it. But we know that it must never be imposed on anyone.

Faith is free; force it and it is no longer faith. It is twice free: it comes freely from God as a gift, and it is embraced freely by man's mind and will. It is man's response to God's word and love; it implies man's giving of himself to God. And a gift must be free, else it loses its value.

We do have an obligation to believe, but that duty comes from God, is imposed by truth, and operates on our free will. No human law can enforce it. The sincerity of a man's conscience is one of the greatest values on earth. Force used to bring assent is a crime against sincerity as well as freedom—against both truth and conscience. A forced faith does not please God and it makes a hypocrite of man.

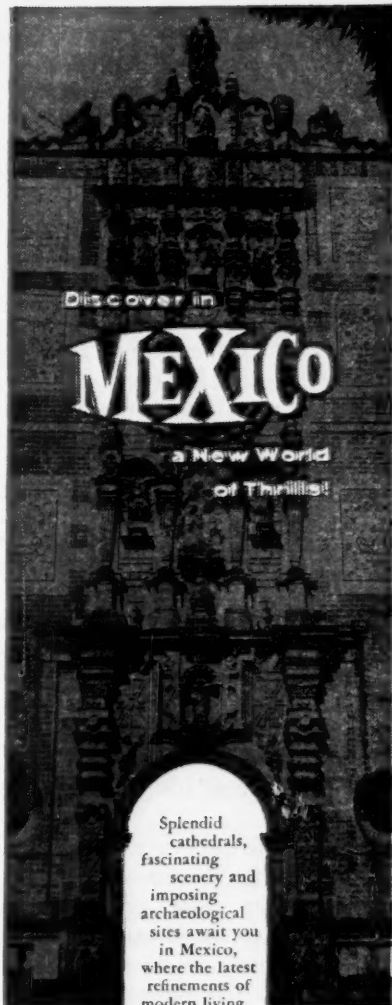
The Church has the duty, given her by Jesus Christ, to bring truth to all men, but she must do it in a way to inspire its acceptance in faith. She must respect the honesty of

man's intellect and the freedom of his will. If she were to use force or threats she would destroy the very faith she seeks to implant. Laws and social pressures may force external conformity; they can never produce faith.

WHEN WE READ the message of Jesus in the Gospels we find more emphasis on love than on truth. St. Paul combines the two, telling us that we must "practice the truth in love." We must love truth, and love those who receive the truth. We love truth poorly if we try to jam it by force into an unwilling mind, where it will be secretly despised; and we have a false love for our brethren if we try to rob them of their freedom and sincerity in the interest of truth.

If we love truth we will hate the error opposed to it, but we will not let our hatred extend to the honest man who is in error. Really our intolerance springs less from an honest love for truth than from a selfish desire to vindicate the superiority of our own convictions, and to shore up our own troubling doubts.

Certainly then it can never be the role of the Church to force faith; but even less is it a function of the state, however uniformly Christian or Catholic. The duty of the state is to seek the best welfare of its citizens, and this can never be attained by forcing them into conformity against their convictions—or by persecuting them for failure to conform in matters of religion.



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In fairness to the medieval mind, I should point out, Dr. Appel, that people of those days were convinced that the state was a solidly Christian community. Jews were not part of such a community; so they were not good citizens. They were intruders, to be tolerated, at best.

The Reformation did not improve the status of the Jews; they were often caught in a squeeze between the fervor of Protestantism and the reforming zeal of Trent. But the humanists raised some strong voices in their favor, and here and there improvements were made. General emancipation began in the 18th century and was favored—legally at least—by the revolutionary movements in America and Europe. But progress has been slow. The Dreyfus affair stirred France to new hatreds. In Germany racism and nationalism prepared a base for nazi fanaticism. In England no Jew was allowed in Parliament until 1858 and in Russia someone counted 650 laws against Jews in 1888.

The picture has never been attractive but medieval man with all his cruelty never came close to the ghoulis genocide of our own century. The nazis made the ancient pogroms look like picnics. But anti-Semitism has never been primarily religious. In medieval times when religion was the predominant social factor, intolerance was expressed in religious terms. But even then it was largely racist, economic, selfish, and psychological. It always springs from

man's lack of maturity, understanding, and love. For the Christian it means that he has never grasped the full meaning of the Master's basic teaching: that we love our neighbor as ourselves.

Tolerance is a matter of charity. Maybe the first Christians understood that term; at least they loved one another. But it has taken the rest of us a miserably long time to mature in our comprehension of Christ's teaching. The story of the Good Samaritan is one of the best known of our Lord's parables, but its racist, nationalist, and religious import seems to have escaped us. It was for a purpose that Jesus cited as perfect neighbor a despised foreign heretic. We chatter about loving our enemies, and we fail to love foreigners who are our friends, to say nothing of our near neighbor who has other facial features or religious customs.

Love seeks the best good of the loved one. If we love our neighbor fully we want him to know the truth; it is for his good. But if we really love him we will never destroy the freedom of his conscience.

I am not trying to preach to *you*, Dr. Appel, but to admit *our* faults as Christians and to explain the reason for them.

It would be well for all men of the western world to remember that our society has been formed from ideas that are basically Jewish. Pope Pius XII said that spiritually we are all Semites. So when we are anti-Semitic we are also anti-spiritual.



I WAS WAITING in my semiprivate hospital room for the birth of my son. Between pains, I was reading a St. Gerard booklet of prayers. St. Gerard is the patron saint of mothers, and the beautiful devotions comforted me greatly.

I got to chatting with the woman in the next bed, and she asked me what I was reading. I told her. She laughed gently: "You Catholics have a patron saint for everything!"

When we were back in our room—with nice flat tummies and, so I thought, two nice babies to our credit—I noticed that my companion was very quiet. Then it dawned on me that her baby had not been brought in to her. She answered my unspoken question: her baby, with a rare blood complication, had died.

"I sure could use a patron saint now," she whispered softly.

I passed her my booklet, which contained several beautiful prayers for bereaved mothers. She read them over and over during the remainder of her short stay, and I answered her hesitant questions about the Church. I told her to keep the booklet.

Her sorrow had drawn us close, so I also gave her my address and asked her to write. She did—as a Catholic. Two years later, I received from her an announcement: of the birth of a son she would name Gerard.

Mrs. Edward Golden.

WITH BEATING HEART, nine-year-old Jane rang the rectory doorbell. She was the older child of a mixed marriage in which the Catholic father had fallen away from his religious duties. Nevertheless, Jane was a fervent Catholic, a frequent communicant, who attended a Catholic school here in New Orleans.

She had come to a first-Saturday Mass with neighbors, who waited for her while she visited the rectory. Footsteps sounded, the door opened. Jane steeled herself.

The little girl gazed up into the pleasant face of the assistant pastor. "Father," Jane blurted out, "will you speak to my mother about becoming a Catholic?"

The priest was deeply touched. He promised to get in touch with the mother.

The priest's call took the mother by surprise, but she was gracious, and made an appointment to see him. Then she asked Jane why she had taken such an important step without permission. The child replied, "Mother, you so often say you are going to become a Catholic, and yet you never do anything about it."

The mother faithfully attended her instructions, and was baptized on Easter, 1959. Her husband made his peace with God, and Jane and her father accompanied her mother at her First Communion. I was sponsor at her Baptism.

Since her conversion, this woman has brought four of her friends into the Church, encouraging each by accompanying her through her instructions. All five have since been Confirmed.

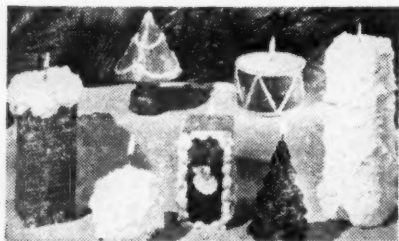
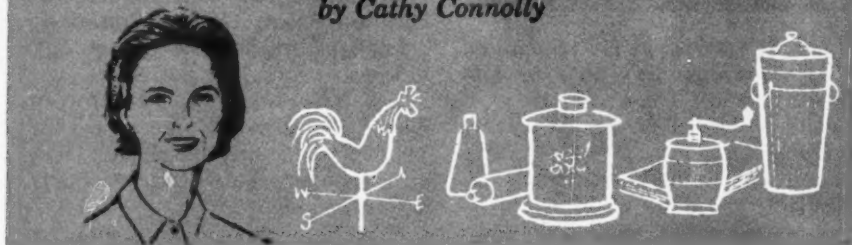
Olga B. McCann.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

the Catholic Digest

FAMILY SHOPPER

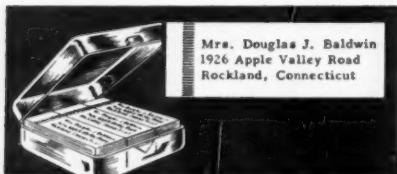
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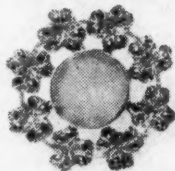


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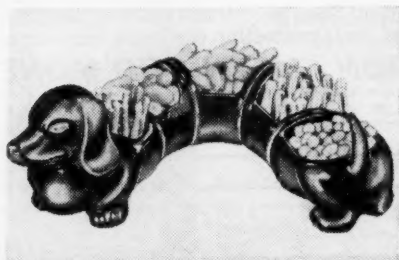
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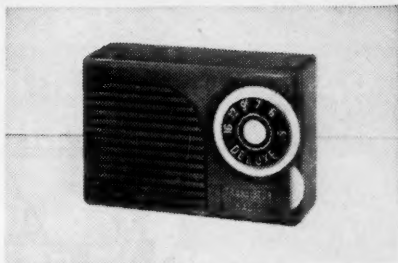
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